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RDINAL MANNING

AND OTHER ESSAYS

J. E. C. BODLEY

CARDINAL MANNING

THE DECAY OF IDEALISM IN FRANCE

THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE

Walter L. Colls. Sc

Cardinal Manning
in his 85th year.
from the portrait painted for J. E. C. Bodley.
by A. D. May
1891.

CARDINAL MANNING. THE DECAY OF IDEALISM IN FRANCE. THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE

THREE ESSAYS BY

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WITH PHOTOGRAVURE PORTRAIT

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TO

MY DEAR COMPANION

AVA

ON HER BELOVED LITTLE BROTHER'S
ANNIVERSARY

September 22, 1912

PREFACE

THE reason why these essays are united in one volume,—the first of them having no obvious connection with the other two,—is that they are founded upon three lectures given at the Royal Institution in 1911.

The lecture on Manning having been noticed in very generous terms by certain critics, Mr. Longman wrote to ask me if I were disposed to expand it into a monograph on the whole career of the Cardinal, which he offered to publish. I did not see my way to accept his obliging proposal. The work of my life, on France, having been interrupted by wasteful years of ill-health, I felt that whatever measure of strength was restored to me ought to be devoted to the continuation of the long-delayed task which had never for a moment been out of my thoughts.

This suggestion however led me to think that the study of Cardinal Manning might be printed in a volume with the other two lectures,—on "The Decay of Idealism in France" and on "The French Institute." The plan seemed to be one which, without taking me far astray from

France, could be carried out at the cost of little time or trouble.

A bigger miscalculation never was made. In thinking that the work would be short and easy I had in mind the courses of lectures or sermons by popular divines, which a fortnight after being reported in the journals as news, are advertised in the publishers' circulars as literature. The pious authors may have supernatural aid, not at my disposal, to speed them in the revision of their prose. Or perhaps their inspiration renders them superior to accuracy, literary form, and other dilatory influences; —though it is true that profane sermonisers, in these nimble days, are not less prone to hasty publication of the spoken word.

At all events, the preparation of these essays, since they were first drafted for oral delivery, has taken up a year and a half of my life; and anyone who is good enough to read them with care will see that the work they contain well accounts for the time spent upon them. They have all three been re-written. First planned as lectures, the deliberate reading of which was not to occupy more than an hour apiece, they seemed to me incomplete as historical or philosophical studies to be submitted to the public which reads. It appeared to me that their interest, and possibly their value, might be increased by the addition of details to illustrate the text, some of which would perhaps have been out

of place in a spoken address. At the same time it was my constant care not to expand the bulk of the essays in proportion to the matter they contained. It would have been a light task to turn them into a heavy volume, and three months would have sufficed for it. Nothing is easier than prolix writing: while no literary exercise is harder than compression—as Pascal knew when he wrote the famous ending to his 16th *Provinciale:* "Je n'ai fait celle-ci plus longue que parceque je n'ai pas eu le loisir de la faire plus courte."

Of the first and the third essays there is little to be said by way of preface. My tribute to the memory of Cardinal Manning needs no introduction. Nor does the essay on the Institute of France. It is a subject in which many English people take a certain interest, without having a distinct notion of the constitution or history of the famous corporation and of the Academies composing it. I have followed the order of the narrative given in *L'Institut de France,* which was produced in 1907 by the Perpetual Secretaries of the five Academies. Two of those distinguished men are beyond the reach of my acknowledgments: but if the survivors do me the honour of glancing at my pages they will see that their fine outline has been filled in with many details drawn from contemporary sources.

Cardinal Manning is such an attractive figure

that the first essay, which gives the title to this volume, will perhaps interest English readers more than either of the others. Yet it has not the importance of the second. When invited to deliver the lectures I wrote down, without reflection, as the title of the second in the series, "The decay of idealism in France and of tradition in England." There is a closer connexity between the two subjects than might be imagined. That did not prevent the consideration of them both, in an hour's talk, being an impossible feat; so the theme was reduced to "The decay of idealism in France." Even that alone had to be treated very cursorily, and when I set about preparing the lecture for publication it was apparent that it had touched only the surface-headings of the subject. The whole thesis had to be remoulded, and in spite of my efforts to compress the new material, the essay is more than double the length of its original. My intention was to publish with it a separate study of "The decay of tradition in England," the subjects being cognate and the transition from one to the other being easy. But the recasting of the former had occupied a year, and though many of the pages of its projected pendant were already written I thought it better not to delay longer the publication of this little book. Pages never suffer from being put away in a drawer for a season before their final revision,

and one day, when I can spare time from France, the essay will be published in another volume.

Since I first went to live in France it has been my practice, for nearly twenty-three years, to let no week pass, except at times of complete disablement, without making a certain number of notes relating to the affairs of that country. The result is a vast collection of *dossiers*, all ranged according to their various categories, on every subject connected with the French people, their history, their institutions, their public policy, their mentality. When the first parts of *France* appeared they were drawn from these *dossiers*, which contain materials for more volumes than I could ever produce, even though my years were extended to those of the survivors of the burning of Moscow who have recently taken an animated part in the centenary revels. Even when laid aside from serious work I never neglected my *dossiers*. At such times when forces failed for long-sustained effort, it was a consoling diversion to spend half an hour in making a note of an informing conversation or of a significant incident, or in transcribing a passage from a letter or a book, each document being classified under its proper heading.

My *dossier* on French idealism was begun before the end of the last century, when I had never known a day of ill-health. On looking through it and adding to it from time to time in

later years, I was struck by one deficiency which it presented. There was no doubt that idealism, of the kind which is the subject of the following essay, had declined in France under the Third Republic, primarily from causes which are indicated in those pages. The causes being occasional or accidental, it perplexed me to see that no reaction had set in, when their pressure became less acute or when new generations arose which had not been directly influenced by them. At times a slight reaction was perceptible in the works of some ephemeral school of writers; but, when such a movement occurred, it had no lasting effect and it was evident that the French nation was not affected by any of these temporary manifestations.

This led me into a train of thought which has preoccupied me ever since. It caused me to look around and to see that there are other national qualities, not in France alone, which seem to be disappearing without any sign of resurrection. Was it possible that the hitherto immutable law, in the history of the world, of the periodical recurrence of action and reaction was coming to an end? Were we standing unconsciously within the threshold of a new era in which the conditions of existence were so changing that human mentality and human nature itself were being transformed, with the future consequence that

henceforth history will not again repeat itself as it has inevitably recurred in the course of the ages?

It is a philosophical problem which our successors will be more competent to solve than we are. It is too big to be examined cursorily. Last year I made a slight attempt to discuss it in a preface to a new edition of a book published ten years previously. Although it was buried in the pages of a reprint, it attracted the attention of some of our ablest English critics, who encouraged me to pursue the investigation.

My argument was shortly as follows. The application of steam and of electricity to means of production, of locomotion and of communication, which was beginning when Queen Victoria mounted the throne, brought about a world-wide revolution compared with which the greatest political and social movements of the past, in all lands, were little more than local incidents in the evolution of the human race. It was thus that the mechanical age took its rise; and in its rapid progress it was already evident that the results of the French Revolution, which had been unanimously regarded as one of the mightiest upheavals of the human race, were sinking into relative insignificance. In the birthplace of the French Revolution the new democracy was now the issue not of 1789 but of the scientific and industrial development which commenced fifty years later. It

seemed likely that in future ages the Renaissance itself, and perhaps even the foundation of Christianity, would be looked upon as movements of minor moment compared with the coming of the mechanical age.

One reason why the effects of the mechanical age are only now being realised is, I suggested, because the men who until the other day were directing the affairs and the thoughts of peoples were sons of the ancient era, born under conditions which belong to the past as completely as those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Bismarck first saw the light amid surroundings of civilisation which would not have greatly surprised Richelieu, whose work bore some similarity to his. When Carlyle and Newman began to teach, the material conditions of human existence did not widely differ from those of the days of Pascal. It is true that Carlyle, Newman, and Bismarck, as well as Gladstone and others whose lives stretched across the nineteenth century, became in their various ways the creatures of the new age. They quickly accepted and utilised its conditions, adapting to it their policy, their habits, or their teaching. It is nearly fifty years ago since Newman meditated on the spires and domes of Oxford seen from a Great Western express, in which he was rushing to his Oratory in a suburb of industrial Birmingham. It is even longer since Bismarck

mused upon the strategic possibilities of the Prussian railways. Hence it is that the adoption of the new conditions by men who were born amid material surroundings, which had changed little since the Renaissance, helped to make the transition imperceptible. It is only in the twentieth century that we are able to have some idea of the immense stride taken by human civilisation in the last eighty years. For, eighty years ago the standard of human capacity had not moved far since antiquity. The wondrous works of man extolled by the Theban elders in the Antigone, four centuries before the Christian era, had extended their scope but little, except for the inventions of printing and gunpowder.

This gives a general idea of the line followed in my preliminary argument, which need not be pursued here. Perhaps before long I may be able to spare the time for an elaboration of it in examining the decay of tradition in England. The argument is to some extent developed in the essay on "The Decay of Idealism in France," though it must not be thought that the main purpose of that study is to prove the thesis of the all-embracing influence of the mechanical age. While convinced that this new phase of the progress of civilisation is the permanent obstacle to any reaction which should have set back the decline of idealism in France, I have carefully indicated

and examined the occasional or casual causes of its decay. The exposition of the nature and history of French idealism since the Revolution, which is incidental to this inquiry, is offered to the public in the hope that the subject may interest English readers and critics, as well as my French judges who will not fail to give me the benefit of their opinion.

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CARDINAL MANNING

CARDINAL MANNING

HENRY EDWARD MANNING was born on July 15th, 1807. He was the son of a city merchant who was later Governor of the Bank of England, and who had entered the House of Commons in 1790, where he sat with Burke, Fox, and Pitt. The future Cardinal was educated at Harrow, where he played in the cricket eleven against Eton and Winchester, and at Balliol, where he obtained a first-class in Greats, at that time a rare and valuable distinction. He became fellow of Merton; and from 1833 was for eighteen years a country parson at Lavington in Sussex, being also Archdeacon of Chichester from 1840. In 1851, after the Gorham judgment touching the doctrine of the Church of England as to baptism, he went over to Rome. In 1865 he was appointed Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster by the personal act of Pius IX. In 1869–70 he took a prominent part in the Vatican Council, which defined the dogma of Infallibility. In 1875 he became a Cardinal-Priest, and in 1892 he died.

In the space at my disposal it would be impos-

sible to sketch even the outline of a life, which began in the week when Cardinal York died, the grandson of James II and brother of the Young Pretender, and ended on the day when the Duke of Clarence died, the grandson of Queen Victoria and brother of George V—a life of prodigious activity and crowded with historical incident. I propose, therefore, to say just a little about Cardinal Manning as I knew him. For seven years, from 1884 to 1891, I knew him with extraordinary intimacy, considering that he was old enough to be my grandfather. I was probably the only young man of my day who enjoyed his close friendship and the only Protestant of that time. Personal reminiscences are apt to be egotistic: but I will try to keep myself in the background, and from the abundance of my recollections, will choose some of those which throw a light on the whole of his life and character.

It was in my freshman's year at Oxford that I first saw Manning—in Michaelmas Term 1873, at the jubilee banquet of the Union Society. Mr. Gladstone was still brooding over the affront of 1865, when Oxford had dispensed with his services as burgess of the University. So in the absence of the most illustrious member of the Union Manning's speech outshone all the others. Alone of the after-dinner oratory it left an impression on

my memory, though among the speakers there were a dozen, the least eloquent of whom would be hard to match at any English gathering in the twentieth century.[1] We none of us knew much about him, beyond his portrait in *Lothair*. We had no notion of the mighty part played before Europe at the Vatican Council by this old Balliol Harrovian of noble presence, who, with voice of music discoursed on subjects more familiar to young Oxford. Another vacant place at the table was that of Samuel Wilberforce. Manning was still under the shadow of the tragedy on the Surrey Downs—he and Wilberforce had married two sisters—and in moving tones he compared the nimble wisdom of his estranged brother-in-law with the genius of the resourceful Ithacan :—

utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulixen

—a tribute never to be forgotten by an undergraduate who had come under the bishop's versatile charm a few months before his sudden end.

[1] The list of twenty-two speakers, twenty-one of whom are dead, included the names of Tait (Archbishop), Cardwell (Secretary for War), Gathorne Hardy, J. D. Coleridge (Attorney-General), Selborne (Lord Chancellor), Salisbury (Chancellor of the University), "Bodley" Coxe, Liddon, Matthew Arnold, Henry Acland, and Ward Hunt. Tait was a better speaker than any present member of the episcopal bench, though inferior to Magee of Peterborough, then in his prime. Gathorne Hardy, in the opinion of good judges, was a finer parliamentary orator than Gladstone, Bright, or Disraeli. Liddon in the Church and Coleridge at the Bar have left no successors whatever in eloquence. So the impression made by Manning on his young hearers among a number of masters of public speaking was all the more remarkable.

That was the banquet from which Dr. Heurtley, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, fled on seeing the titular Archbishop of Westminster placed above good Bishop Mackarness, the diocesan of Oxford. The memory of that disputed precedence led me to do a little service for the Cardinal on the eve of our first meeting. In March 1884 he was appointed to the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, of which I was Secretary, and my first duty was to settle with the Home Office the order in which the names of its members should be inscribed under the Queen's sign-manual. Royal Commissioners then sat round a table in strict order of official precedence, which has not survived the Amazonian invasion of those companies for producing expensive blue-books. His late Majesty, then Prince of Wales, had consented to be a member of the Commission, and of the others, Lord Salisbury held the highest recognised rank. The question arose of where Manning was to sit. By the anomalous rules of our English precedence, under which a well-born and renowned field-marshal might be sent in to dinner behind a "territorial" lieutenant, whose obscure father had bought a peerage with his recent gains, there is no rank accorded to venerable age or to personal distinction. So it was clear that the Cardinal must sit in a lowly place unless one was invented for him. It would have scandalised every member of the Commission to see one of the noblest

old citizens of the Empire at the foot of the table; but never a word was uttered by the Cardinal to claim a higher seat. The case was submitted to the Prince of Wales. Lord Salisbury, as the chief person concerned, expressed a generous opinion, which was approved by the illustrious heir to the Crown, next to whom Cardinal Manning was placed in the royal warrant issued by the Secretary of State.

Although Cardinal Manning was granted this precedence, not as an act of courtesy, as Mr. Gladstone afterwards suggested, which is unknown in a formal official instrument, it was assigned personally to him, and not as a precedent for Princes of the Church who are British subjects. In the Commission he was addressed by Queen Victoria as "Our trusty and well-beloved, the Most Reverend Cardinal Archbishop Henry Edward Manning, Doctor-in-Divinity." But his titular see of Westminster was ignored, and he was denied the traditional episcopal style of "Father in God"—though this was accorded to Bishop Walsham-How, another member of the Commission, who being then only a "suffragan" (in the English sense), was not given either the title or the precedence of a Lord Bishop. The question of Manning's place gave much trouble to the Home Office, and when it was settled an experienced official said to me: "It is all very well, but if you had had an evangelical duke on your

Commission, there would have been the devil to pay."[1]

The grim barrack called Archbishop's House was not far from Whitehall, so I often went there for an hour's interlude in a day of hard work. Manning's ascetic repute was enhanced by his dietary prudence, in eating nothing at the rare dinners where he was seen. At one of them, in 1884, I sat next to him and admired the tactful skill with which he disguised his abstinence, so as not to embarrass the other guests, accepting some of the dishes and refusing others, without conveying a single morsel to his mouth. But he enjoyed his midday meal at home.[2] The party was nearly always the same—Mgr. Johnson, his gentle, devoted secretary, and Father Guiron, a genial Irishman, omniscient about ceremonies and ornaments, full of curious scraps of knowledge on sacred subjects, such as the three several reasons why the Canons of Avignon, of Milan, and of Venice wore the mitre. Sometimes Laird Patterson came, the old Oxford convert, who was a bishop *in partibus*, with a title neither disturbing nor hard to pronounce, for his see was a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about three-score furlongs.

[1] See Note I at the end of this essay.

[2] Disraeli, when he was writing *Lothair* in 1868, saw Manning several times on the subject of the Irish Catholic University, and caricatured him in his novel as the Cardinal who said: "I never eat and I never drink," and who "sat with an empty plate" at the dinner-table.

Father Guiron would rise to read the *benedictio mensae*, and the Cardinal would sometimes whisper: "Cut it short to-day." I am the only survivor of our parties at that cheerful table. The Cardinal was full of anecdote, and sometimes of reminiscence. The patience of his kind chaplains was angelic, when, reviving his ante-Roman life, he told stories of Archbishop Howley and the Archdeaconry of Chichester. More often his talk turned to light-hearted allusion to events of the day. People who knew only his austere exterior supposed that his sense of humour was as scanty as Mr. Gladstone's. It was keener than that of any man of his age. Once, on arriving, I found him at table, not in his customary sombre garb, but arrayed in scarlet and lace. His old face lit up with a smile like a school-boy's. "Forgive my togs," he said, "but it's the Immaculate Conception and I have to go to Farm Street."

The leading members of the Housing Commission were too eminent to have time for drafting their Report themselves; so this fell to the secretary, who also had to read aloud at each meeting a chapter of his prose. To submit it to the verbal criticism of a jury of experts, was a fine but formidable discipline for a young man. Manning proposed that I should first read my manuscript to him, and this made my visits to Archbishop's House longer and more frequent. It was suggested by attentive

critics that the Cardinal's motive was to tone the Report to his particular views so as to make sure of recommendations which might favour his flock. Nothing was further from the truth. No religious question was involved in our enquiry, or, rather one should say, no sectarian question. The problem set before us was part of that religious question which Manning held to be paramount in his valiant old age—a question older than dogma, older than the Church itself, signalized by its Founder when he said, "Misereor super turbam." Compassion for the multitude had become the chief article of the religion of this Prince of the Church. The Harrow boy famous on the cricket-field, the Balliol man foremost in the schools, the Sussex rector who strode to the front of the English clergy, the convert who swiftly dominated the Roman hierarchy in England, the newly mitred archbishop who imposed the definition of Papal Infallibility on the Vatican Council,—after a life of struggle, of triumph, and perhaps of disillusion, had no other wish, now that evening was come, than to apply the authority he had won to easing the burden of the poor, whatever their creed.

Manning made no attempt to introduce his opinions in the text of the Report, except in public discussion before the whole Commission. His aim in having the draft privately read to him seemed to be to improve its form and to educate its author.

Fifty-two years after he resigned his fellowship at Merton he renewed his short experience as a college don, and helped me to make up for hours wasted at Oxford. So the old Cardinal gave me my first lessons in English composition, disserting on *protasis* and *apodosis*, rather than on "Lord Shaftesbury's Acts" or "Cellar Dwellings." The Report bears little trace of the care spent upon it, which perhaps did not make it much more effective than other literature of the same class — though I have often recognised unacknowledged passages conveyed from it, in the works of social reformers. When consulting its pages in recent years, to verify the socialism laid to the charge of some of our most conservative commissioners and witnesses, I have felt some satisfaction that seventeen eminent or respectable names stood above mine as responsible for its English.

When the final Report was ready the Cardinal came to Whitehall to sign it. "You sent word," he said, "that the Commission was *in articulo mortis*, so I have come to administer the last Sacraments." The humour of Cardinal Manning, like that of many ecclesiastics of all confessions, was at times what some people might call "profane." One of the numberless stories he told me was of a dinner at which he was present in Rome, in the days when the Holy City, inaccessible to tourists,

attracted an agreeable English society during the winter. Another guest was Dr. Marsh, the father of Miss Marsh, the author of *Hedley Vicars* and of other evangelical works on which the childhood of some of us was nurtured. With infelicity, in the presence of Catholics, he began to interpret in orthodox Protestant fashion the text which runs round the dome of St. Peter's: "Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram edificabo ecclesiam meam," pointing out, with the usual erudition, that Petrus and petram were not identical terms. Gathorne Hardy (afterwards Lord Cranbrook) called from the other end of the table: "Come now, Marsh, if you had been an apostle, and the Founder of Christianity had said to you, 'Thou art Marsh, and on this Marsh I will build my church,' how would you have liked future ages to be told that He meant to say, 'Thou art Marsh, and on this morass I will build my Church'?"

Our friendship became closer after our official relations ceased. In the succeeding years I travelled a great deal, at first in Europe and later in distant lands. Wherever I was, our correspondence never ceased, and among my large collection of his letters there are some which reached me in Paris, Rome, Algiers, Cape Town, Quebec, and San Francisco. The Cardinal's welcome home at the end of these voyages was one of the pleasantest incidents of my

years of travel. In the intervals between these journeys it was my practice to spend several months in England, and one day he said to me: "Whenever you are in London and not dining out, come to me for a talk at half-past eight." So many a night saw me at Archbishop's House, where we talked till nearly eleven, when Newman would arrive to put me out. Newman, it should be explained, was Manning's butler. The malicious said he had been chosen for this name of his because Manning liked to order about a person called Newman—but that was pure legend. Newman, the butler, had virtues of his own, and looked after his master with motherly care. The first time he knocked at the study door to let me know that it was bed-time, as he took me down the cold stone staircase he said: "Sorry to disturb you, sir, but you see the Cardinal doesn't jump straight into bed like you and me: he has his little readings to do." This was Newman's "Apologia."

A litter of books and papers made the upper room where we sat the least dreary in the cavernous house. The only object of piety discernible in the dim lamp-light was a fine malachite crucifix on the mantelpiece, which was given to him in Rome soon after his conversion and had always stood near him for twenty-seven years—so said his executor, Dr. Butler, who sent it to me when the Cardinal died. Facing it Manning used to sit, in a low arm-chair.

With his faded red skull-cap cocked over his eyebrow he looked like an old warrior of the days of his boyhood, when men of war were often as clean shaven as priests. The best nights were those when he fought his old battles again. They moved me more than his reflections on the unfairness of capitalists or the frailty of Mr. Parnell, and the revival of the past took him out of his sad contemplation of the present. Sometimes he was such a weary, lonely old man that it became my turn to enliven him, and then he did not bid me discourse on the Holy Church throughout all the world, as seen on my travels. At a hint from him, like Praed's hero:

> "I broached whate'er had gone the rounds
> The week before of scandal,"

and it diverted the Cardinal, for he was very human. After such a conference he would pat me affectionately on the shoulder, with: "Well, well, it's a wicked old world, isn't it?" People prone to impute craft to Manning said that he found it useful in his sacred calling to know the inner history of men and women who moved in the world of London. But his occasional liking for gossip was merely the innocent and rare diversion of an ascetic old man who had a very sociable side to his nature.

Of the loneliness of his last years there is no doubt, in spite of the devotion of the kind priests

of his household, and in spite of the numerous callers of all types, whom he received perhaps too accessibly. One night we were standing by a book-case in an ante-chamber, when the name on a binding made him speak of Matthew Arnold, whom we had both known and who had died suddenly during one of my voyages. Taking down the green volume, he opened it at *Empedocles on Etna*, and read out with the musical inflections of a voice unbroken by age :

> "Is it so small a thing
> To have enjoyed the sun,
> To have lived light in the spring,
> To have loved, to have thought, to have done,
> To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes,
> That we must feign a bliss
> Of doubtful future date?"

"Poor fellow, poor fellow," he abruptly broke off, with a look of infinite sadness, and turning rapidly the leaves, his old face lit up again with a smile : for he had come upon *The Scholar Gipsy*. Then he read a line here and a line there. "Ah!" he said, "only Oxford men like you and me can understand that." The half century which divided us disappeared as his memory went back to : "Godstow Bridge when hay-time's here," or to "The line of festal light in Christ Church hall." "Only Oxford men like us," he repeated. "Come into the other room"; and putting his arm within mine he led me to the fireside where the comfort-

able chairs were drawn up. "Nobody here understands Oxford," he went on: "none of them have quite understood me. That is why I cling to you and count on your coming back to see me; I can talk to you about things that the others don't care about." Then after a pause, as he settled himself in his arm-chair: "They have all been very, very good to me, but they have never quite understood me. It was always so from the first. One day, soon after my conversion, I overheard some of them talking about me. Old Dr. Hogarth was one of them, the first Bishop of Hexham, and I heard him say, 'Dr. Manning is a very good young man, but he's such a forward piece'; and that is what I have always been to them, 'a forward piece.' Yet even then," and he began to count on his long, emaciated fingers, "I had been captain of the Harrow eleven; I had got my first at Balliol; I was the leader in debate at the Oxford Union; I had been a Fellow of Merton, and Archdeacon of Chichester—and all they could say of me was that I was 'a forward piece.'"

It was Manning's own fault that the younger priests about him did not understand Oxford. He loved Oxford as Mr. Gladstone loved it, as an exiled Roman of old loved the Eternal City. Only those who have known sons of old Oxford, the home as it was of tradition and of great movements, before reformers stripped it of the one and made it impotent

to generate the other—only they can have any notion of the sentiments cherished by men of Manning's time for the University, now deformed by commonplace progress and denuded of its inimitable charm, save such as lingers in an unrestored hall or chapel, or in a still secluded college-garden. Indeed, this reverence for Oxford was at the root of Manning's resentment towards those who took no count of his Oxford distinctions—for he had no personal vanity. Yet with all his old love for Oxford he would not permit Catholics to send their sons either there or to Cambridge. Herbert Vaughan had supported him in his immovable opposition; but three years after Manning's death it was Cardinal Vaughan, then his successor at the head of the Catholic hierarchy in England, who petitioned the Holy See to remove the prohibition. To analyse Manning's motives in this matter would be too long a psychological operation to attempt here. But it is probable that one of his secondary objections to the matriculation of Catholics at Oxford was Newman's advocacy of it. Manning sincerely believed that Newman was not an orthodox Catholic.

It has always been incomprehensible to me why Manning's hostility to Newman should be imputed to him as a sin, while Newman's hostility to Manning is held to be a virtue. From the days of the fight

at Antioch between St. Paul and St. Mark, when "the contention was so sharp between them that they departed asunder," the history of the Christian Church would have been meagre but for the quarrels of persons of apostolic temperament. We think no worse of the masterful Apostle of the Gentiles—who was a later convert than the Evangelist, just as Manning's conversion was subsequent to Newman's—for having depreciated the ministry of the author of the second gospel: perhaps because the Acts of the Apostles were compiled by an inspired and tactful writer. In any case, Manning's antagonism to the teaching of Newman was perfectly sincere.

One night the Cardinal's talk turned to the Oxford movement. He repudiated all connection with it, and in the language of an old cricketer he said, "I became a Catholic off my own bat." Then he went on to talk of Newman, and so long as his allusions were to their personal relations there was no bitterness in his words. He lamented, with good feeling, that the other saw fit to slight him when he came to stay in London with Dean Church. Then the conversation moved to theological ground, and Manning's tone changed. "From an observation you made," he said, "I gather that you are under the impression that Doctor Newman is a good Catholic." I replied that such was my vague belief. He retorted: "Either you are ignorant of the Catholic doctrine, or of the works of Doctor

Newman"—he always said "Doctor Newman" in Oxford fashion, and never gave him the title of Cardinal. After asking me which of Newman's books I had read, he proceeded to tick off on his tapering fingers, in his usual way, ten distinct heresies to be found in the most widely-read works of Dr. Newman. This seemed to me, at the time, on a par with Voltaire's discovery of a series of heresies in the Lord's Prayer. Yet at the present hour, when the Modernists have claimed Newman as their precursor, supporting their contention with many a passage from his writings, it would seem that Manning, as the exponent of orthodox doctrine, was justified in his appreciation of Newman's teaching.

His opinion on this subject was shared by another eminent Catholic, who on most ecclesiastical subjects held few ideas in common with Manning. Lord Acton, from his opposite point of view, came to the same conclusion, although in the contest between him and Manning concerning the definition of the dogma of Infallibility at the Vatican Council, Newman was on Acton's side. In a letter written by Acton a few weeks before Manning's death, after mentioning the "personal aversion to Manning" displayed by Newman, he said, "Many will wonder how anybody who saw much of him could remain a Catholic—assuming that Newman really was one."

Acton went much further than Manning in his strictures on his old ally. He described Newman as "a sophist, the manipulator and not the servant of the truth." It is a deplorable legacy of the Early Fathers that controversies cannot be conducted by pious people of intelligence, on subjects upon which no one has any positive knowledge, without mutual imputations of falsehood and bad faith. The worst of the bandying of such charges in the spiritual domain is that it leads to their being extended to the ordinary relations of life.

At the same time the ordinary relations of life, even between ministers of the same Church, are regulated by their personal temperament not less than by their theological opinions. Since these pages were first written I have had the advantage of reading with care Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *Life of Newman*, the fine qualities of which must make many regret that his rare talent for biography could not have celebrated the memory of Manning. His candid analysis shows that there was fundamental antagonism between Newman's temperament and Manning's. If they had both been born Catholics, both sent to a Roman seminary at an early age, and submitted to the same discipline for the priesthood—even then they would have fought, had they crossed one another's paths in the course of their pious ministry. As it was, there never were two Oxford men, almost contemporary, whose training

was more different, and, in spite of the outward resemblance of their spiritual vicissitudes, whose path in life was more differently trod. Manning passed all his days in the keen air of public activity. Newman spent his in a hothouse, beginning with his boyhood in a narrow circle of fondling relatives at the age when Manning was captaining Harrow cricketers at Lord's, and learning to organise, to contend, to command. For Newman the Oriel Common-room was a home. For Manning the Merton Common-room was an unfamiliar waiting-chamber on the road to a profession. Newman's conversion to an alien Church was "the parting of friends," and the sacrifices it cost him were those of a heart torn asunder. Manning's conversion was the rupture of a great public career, and the sacrifices he made were those of an ambitious soul laudably eager for power. Even to the end, when Newman after a harsh adventure in the rude climate of Ireland had found peace again in another hot-house, warmed by the sympathetic glow of the fathers of the Oratory, Manning, after battles of ambition and battles of dogma at the Court of Rome, spent his last forces fighting in the open for the poor of London, to rescue them from their own temptations and the oppression of their masters.

Hence it happened that when these two dissimilar beings, their inharmonious natures stamped

with all the dissemblance of their respective experience, met in middle age on the foreign territory of the Church of their adoption, collision was inevitable. It was not easy for them to avoid one another. In popular parlance and fancy the names of Newman and Manning were perpetually coupled. They were the two most prominent Oxford clergymen who had gone over to Rome, and that sufficed for an uninstructed public to associate them indissolubly. The British mind at that time was rather given to the unscientific coupling of names—such as those of Freeman and Froude, who had not a feature in common beyond that of both being Oxford historians. Wider even than their divergency was that which separated the two great converts; and to a saint it must be more irritating than to an ordinary mortal to have his name registered by undiscerning opinion as the partner of another person of the same profession, with whom he has no sympathy, and no relations other than those which bind the subjects of one central authority.

Pious writers who have deplored the antagonism of the two have tried to explain it by pious reasons. They have said that Manning was drawn to the example of the militant post-Reformation Catholics, such as St. Charles Borromeo, while Newman found his guides in the Early Fathers of the ages when there was a Church Universal. Hence the

difference of their methods and their consequent antagonism. Such an explanation mingles cause with effect, and even then is superficial. Their mutual antipathy was, I think, primarily due to the conflict of an objective mind with a subjective mind. For Newman's subjective mind, the whole scheme of Christian economy, and perhaps even the whole scheme of the universe, had been organized for the saving of the soul of John Henry Newman. Manning's objective vision, on the contrary, put his own personality in the background. As an Anglican, a Catholic, or an Englishman he considered himself as an agent of the Church of England, or of Rome, or of the people of these islands, eager to fight for the causes he advocated—whether it was the polity of the Established Church, the ultramontane doctrine, or the claims of the poor in our cities. No doubt he wished to be a powerful agent of the interests he represented, for his love of power was great. But the position of Henry Edward Manning, either in this world or the next, was to him a consideration secondary to that of the success of the cause which he had taken in hand. This is shown by the willingness with which he threw aside ambition, comfort, and prosperity, when on the high road to the foremost and pleasantest preferments in the Church of England, to enter upon the tedious life of a Roman Catholic mission-priest. His new durance

called forth from him no moanings such as Newman poured out when he was sent to work in Ireland; though Notting Hill cannot have been more congenial to the polished and masterful Archdeacon of Chichester than was Harcourt Street, Dublin, to the leader and prophet of Oriel and Littlemore.

Mr. Ward forcibly exposes the suffering endured by Newman from such intellectual and social miseries. His book is an enduring monument to the most attractive and most colossal egoist that ever lived. It seems to reveal Newman as primarily neither a great Englishman, nor a great Oxford-man, nor a great Catholic—though he may have illustrated all those qualities—but as a great Newmanite. Newman's measure of men was regulated not by their faith or their good works, but by their devotion to John Henry Newman. If it had been given to him to choose who should sit on his right hand and who on his left in the kingdom of heaven, he would have preferred the Anglican Dean Church and the agnostic Mark Pattison to Cardinal Cullen and Archbishop McHale or any of the ultramontane Irish bishops who afflicted him; and the Catholics admitted to the celestial band would have mostly been kind Oratorian fathers who were friends of Oxford days, or their affectionate successors. It would perhaps be an exaggeration to say that Newman's conception of

Paradise was a beatific Oxford Common-room where he elected the members, and also chose the wines—as he did at Oriel—which in that sphere would symbolise the cordial virtues of friendship. But he cannot have conceived a heaven without the survival of human affection and sympathy. "Ego diligentes me diligo" was the rule which formulated the first instinct of his nature, earthly and spiritual: though sometimes he followed a more strictly apostolic precedent in his treatment of those who loved him not: "Alexander aerarius multa mala mihi ostendit: reddet illi Dominus secundum opera ejus."

If I had never known Manning, and never penetrated the depth of his goodness in years of familiar intercourse; if all my acquaintance with the two Cardinals had come from their writings and from a spectator's view of their careers, Newman would have won all the suffrages of a temperament such as mine. His fine literary instinct, his mastery of English prose, would have placed him on a pedestal higher and more durable than that on which the other stood. Manning's most abounding virtue in his latter days, his love for the poor, will always find increasing scope for its practice; while Newman's precious gift of literary expression will probably become a lost art in the progress of the mechanical age. For that reason, if the choice were forced upon me between two admirable women who

lived and worked when the Cardinals were young, I would blot out, with reluctance, Mrs. Fry rather than Newman's favourite, Miss Austen. In the spiritual domain Newman's Gallicanism, for historical reasons, would have attracted me more than Manning's Ultramontanism, and his liberalism would have appealed to a mind not insensible to scepticism. But I knew Manning. He was the only good man I have known intimately,—though one or two others have crossed my path whom I suspected of goodness, and I have known one or two good women.

It was not his zeal for Social Reform which made him dear to me, though our first association was on that illusive ground, and though the Report on the Housing of the Working Classes, which I wrote under his eye, has become a text book in that unsound branch of Economics. Even then, in my young inexperience, the suggestions not of reformers of socialistic tendency, such as Mr. Chamberlain, who gave evidence, but of our most conservative commissioners, notably Lord Salisbury, filled me with fear for the future, as seeming to lead to the disintegration of society—fear which was only too well grounded.

Manning's love for the suffering poor was higher and deeper than the specious altruism of politicians; for he had no material recompense to gain from philanthropy. While Newman with his pen had given joy to a select number of cultivated minds,

and with his sympathetic amenity had bound in friendship the few who were admitted to his circle, compassion for the multitude was gradually absorbing all the genius of Manning. If there had been half a dozen Newmans born in this realm, England would have enjoyed the goodly gift of five more illustrious writers in the Victorian age. If there had been half a dozen Mannings, England would have run some risk of being converted —not necessarily to Roman Catholicism, for in all our years of close intercourse he never said a word to persuade me to join that religion, nor did he show forth its superiority except by his life and example—but to Christianity. In the final stage of his mission he followed very closely in the footsteps of his Master, who often led him along the unpractical ways which He himself had trod. The imperious will which had bent the resistance of the minority at the Vatican Council remained, till nearly the end, so strong in its purpose to take away the burdens of the people, that he often brought to my mind the noblest Messianic epithet in our authorised version : " Mighty to save."

As befits an impartial historian and the son of Manning's remarkable friend " most generous of all Ultramontanes, Ward," Mr. Wilfred Ward does loyal service to Manning's memory by refuting the suggestion that he tried to prevent Newman being made a Cardinal. That suggestion was put

forth by Manning's biographer, who with "pious perfidy," as a French critic in the *Temps* described it, so manipulated the relations of the two famous converts as to make it appear that the Archbishop of Westminster was a self-seeking master of dissimulation, and the Oratorian of Edgbaston his guileless victim. While rejecting all imputations of bad faith made on the character of either of these eminent churchmen, those who have studied their lives cannot fail to recognise that Newman and Manning had not the same conception of honesty. Newman considered that he was justified in remaining within the English Church for some years, while his teaching was sending Oxfordmen over to Rome. Manning held that so long as he was receiving Church of England money and enjoying Church of England preferment, he was in honour bound to defend the position of the Church of England whatever his own increasing doubts.

On the subject of Manning's position, the Bishop of Hereford, Dr. Percival, has given me an unpublished memorandum which he made when he was chaplain to Bishop Temple at Exeter, after a conversation with Bishop Moberly of Salisbury, who had come there for the reopening of the nave of the Cathedral. Moberly had been Manning's tutor at Balliol, and they had renewed their friendship when he became Headmaster of Winchester,

which is not far from Lavington. In 1848 Manning was in Rome, and Moberly, from what he heard, expressed the fear that the Archdeacon of Chichester was going over. During his absence Keble and Moberly spoke at a meeting in London, in a sense hostile to the Church of Rome. Manning read the report and wrote expostulating with Moberly, whose fears were thus confirmed. Nothing happened. Manning returned and delivered a charge, as Archdeacon of Chichester, which was a defence of the position of the Church of England, and he sent a copy of it to Moberly. To quote the words of the late Bishop of Salisbury, relating the incident: "I was so moved that I wrote at once to Manning to express my relief and thankfulness on reading the charge, and the reply was: 'My opinions are what they were when I wrote to you from Rome. My charge is the case for the Church of England.'"

It is impossible for a layman to fathom the intricate depths of the ecclesiastical mind, whatever its creed. Only an expert in casuistry can decide on such a case of conscience. Yet to the ordinary mortal it would seem that by the rules which regulate the commerce of human beings, Manning's policy was more honest than that of Newman. This may be seen if we transfer the case from the spiritual to the secular domain. If an officer in time of warfare, or an advocate in the course of litigation,

comes to feel in his heart and conscience that the cause for which he is fighting is not the righteous one, he has no right to help the other side until he has changed his uniform, or sent back his brief.

This is only the detached view of a layman. There is perhaps another way of looking at the question. There are few ecclesiastics in modern times, of any denomination, who accept the creed they profess without some mental reservation; and this cultivation of an artificial conscience, which has gone on for several generations in an age of compromise, has produced in all branches of the Christian Church an ecclesiastical mind which has its own peculiar standard of truth and straightforwardness. I heard recently of an Eton boy, in these days when unhappily few public-school men seek holy orders, of whom it was said that he would make an admirable clergyman if he were not so transparently honest.

If Manning ever had the temperament of a casuist, he had lost all trace of it in his old age. In his last years of vigour, when his forces were unabated, he was the frankest and most straightforward Englishman it is possible to imagine. He had the air and the manner of a high-bred English clergyman of the old school, of that inimitable type which, one of the finest products of the Christian religion since apostolic times, came to an end

when the two Universities ceased to be the exclusive training-ground for the Church—though that was not the only cause of its extinction. Herbert Vaughan, Manning's successor at Westminster, when a young priest, described him as "an old parson"; and he was justified, as Manning himself avowed. I have known a large variety of Catholic ecclesiastics, of all ranks and sorts, including some of the most attractive of human beings, and I can testify that Manning bore no resemblance to any of them; while Vaughan, who was also a person of seductive charm, could never have been anything else than a Roman dignitary.

Manning had none of that unctuous air with which some of the clergy, of all denominations and of all races, seem to notify that they are agents of the unseen, and, in so doing, excite the mistrust of their less-favoured fellow-mortals. He was free from all such pious affectation. Yet in close contact with him one felt that he was always living in the presence of an unseen Power, not as its pompous agent, but as its simple and humble messenger. It has been my lot to witness some of the most imposing religious ceremonies of modern Christendom; but nothing so impressive, so faith-inspiring has ever met my eyes as the sight of this noble old Englishman in his threadbare cassock kneeling alone before the altar of his bare chapel.

Manning's profound sense of the reality of the unseen world had something of that spirit which filled the English Puritans with their zeal for righteousness. The evangelical training of his youth was the basis of his Christianity, and the unwavering faith of his later life in the Roman doctrine was a development. The good women who had loved and watched over him—first his mother and then his young wife—were evangelical in their belief. He owed his "conversion"—in the evangelical sense—to another pious lady of the same persuasion, who for two generations educated English children in the Bible-story, artlessly related in her little books *Line upon Line* and *Peep of Day*. She was the sister of his Oxford friend, Robert Bevan, who used to have him to stay at Belmont, their family place, and who later was the son-in-law of the Bishop of Chichester, by whom Manning was made an Archdeacon. Manning retained a clinging attachment for the evangelical piety of his early manhood, to which he felt he owed the whole of his subsequent religious life. As an Ultramontane, he had the repute of preaching from the text, "Extra ecclesiam nulla salus." Yet Manning had nothing in common with the bigoted converts who harp upon that theme—which is often the only bit of Latin they possess. Of his unreserved liberality, rarely imputed to him, he gave me the proof

in his own handwriting. Nearly twenty-three years have passed since he wrote to me the following letter. Its intimacy makes it almost too sacred to be made public. Yet after that long lapse of time, it seems to me that it ought to be given to the world, which has rarely been allowed to see the generous fellowship in which he included all faithful Christians. When without any reservation he wrote these touching words of confident consolation and of certain hope, he knew he was referring to one who was far removed from him in matters of dogma and observance; but he knew also that her simple faith was that of his own mother.

"ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER,
"*February* 5, 1890.

"As soon as your letter came yesterday I prayed for your dear mother—and this morning in Holy Mass also, and I offered my communion for her. In many ways my relation to my mother was not unlike yours. I have all her letters. They show a mother's love beyond measure. I remember that I used to feel that I could not bear to see her die. I did not, for I was ill and absent. Yours has been even more to you: and you have lived in a communion of thought and sympathy with her in your public and private life. Well, do not look back but onward—'Non amissa sed

præmissa.' Nothing is really changed but the visible presence and the audible voice. She is nearer to you than ever, and knows you more thoroughly than ever before. I will send you St. Augustine's Confessions in which he speaks of his mother's death and his own sorrow. May God console you with His own presence, which fills all void. Be sure that I shall remember both you and her. As soon as you come back, come in the evening.—Always yours affectionately,

"HENRY E., *Card. Archbishop.*"

The value of this nobly expressed letter is the greater because Manning was not what the French call a "bénisseur"—a person of glowing sensibility, with hands always stretched out ready to bestow an idle benediction on the first comer. His demeanour to strangers was often austere and reserved. Yet the note which pervaded his familiar correspondence, as well as his conversation, was that of frank sincerity, which sometimes approached indiscretion when he was blaming or criticising. He had his dislikes, and never disguised them. But their motives were not base. Apart from the mutual antipathy of their temperaments, his dislike for Newman had a similar basis to that of his dislike for other residents of Birmingham—the politicians of the Education League; he believed their influence to be dangerous to Christianity, as he

understood it, or injurious to the Church. The openness with which he expressed his distaste for the ways of important people testified to his freedom from the craft and subtilty sometimes imputed to him. Some of his most interesting letters in my possession cannot yet be made public, because they contain candid appreciations of persons of importance who still survive.

Without hurting the feelings of anyone, I may quote an example of Manning's outspoken style which was provoked by another masterful old man of his own generation, who years ago followed him to the grave. An article of mine in the *Nineteenth Century*, on the Catholic Church in the United States, attracted the attention of Henry Reeve, who invited me to write another on the same subject for the *Edinburgh Review*, which was entitled "The Catholic Democracy of America." Although my name was unknown in literature, the signed article in the other Review had associated it with the subject; so the authorship of the anonymous "Catholic Democracy" was recognised. It was a purely objective, historical study, without a word in it of theology or doctrine, of which I knew nothing. When it appeared a strange thing had happened. Not a line was changed in the body of the essay; but my last sentences had gone, and in their place was a polemical page from the pen of

Reeve. In a violent attack on the Roman Catholic religion he called the Pope "an Italian priest," whom he reproached because he "raises the Mother of our Lord and the Saints to divine attributes"—and so on.[1] Whatever the merit of those sentiments, they had nothing whatever to do with my article, and their tone would have scandalised the old Whig writers of the *Edinburgh* who brought about Catholic Emancipation. It needed some courage for a novice to stand up against the venerable and arbitrary editor, but the Cardinal helped me to make a public protest. He indeed took the incident to heart more than I did. On hearing of it he wrote to me: "This is abominable, but irremediable. It is a lesson to you not to fall again among thieves": and later, "I have seen the *Edinburgh*. It is worse than I could have believed, false, foolish, and calumnious. I shall tell Reeve so." This threat the Cardinal carried out. Meeting at a club, the two old gentlemen had a battle-royal over my outraged prose. Reeve took the lesson well, and by several pleasant acts of kindness to me showed that he knew himself to be in the wrong.

As Manning did not dissimulate his dislikes, the objects of them sometimes retaliated. Two classes of Catholics were said to incur and to reciprocate his disfavour. These were the old

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, April 1890.

English Catholics and the Jesuits. Soon after Manning's death Comte Albert de Mun went to a ceremony in England which was largely attended by the Catholic upper classes. M. de Mun was a devoted admirer of the Cardinal both as a Catholic and as a social reformer. He expected to find the English Catholics mourning their lost High Priest. He told me how pained he was to find them not only out of mourning, but actually relieved at Manning's removal. "At last," they said, "we shall have a Cardinal of our own." Some of those who rejoiced at Manning's death were not really of the old English stock. They were children of converts, or members of families which had not always kept the faith since the Reformation, and their dislike for Manning was that of wealthy Conservatives for a Home Ruler and a Socialist.

The dislike felt for Manning by genuine old English Catholics was a more respectable sentiment, and Newman was included in their aversion. In their faithful minds the two antagonists were merely a prominent pair of the Oxford converts, who, not content with saving their own souls, had turned upside down the Church for which English Catholics had suffered. To them the converts were like a band of those enterprising Americans who naturalise themselves in England to transform a worthy old firm into an advertising modern business in which the brisk commerce in "novelties" does not console

the old partners for the good, solid workmanship, which they used to turn out in small quantities. That was not all. The English Catholics had suffered for their religion. If Manning's conversion had cost him the chance of an English bishopric, if Newman had sacrificed friendship and intellectual intercourse, the old Catholics were the sons of men who had laid down life itself for the Church. Their ancient manors, where they spent their blameless and loyal days, had been the scene of sacrilege and spoliation. From them their fathers had gone to exile or to the scaffold. They themselves had only just recovered their citizenship;—and then they were told that they knew nothing about the Church, with the blood of its martyrs running in their veins. No wonder if good, "Garden-of-the-Soul" Catholics, with their Gallican moderation, had no great love for a troop of bustling neophytes from Oxford who posed as the sole guardians of the faith delivered to the Saints.[1] Manning sometimes complained to me of his treatment by English Catholics; but these were not of the old pure-bred stock, with which he had little contact. Those whom he criticised were social or political leaders, and them he chiefly

[1] Converts have a way of wishing to reorganise the religions, political as well as supernatural, which they join late in life. I heard many complaints from good curés in France of Brunetière's zeal to put the Catholic Church in order after his "conversion." It was said that he considered the historical house in the Rue de l'Université, where he edited the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of higher authority in things spiritual than Saint Sulpice and the Vatican put together.

contemned for their intellectual deficiencies, while giving them credit for piety and pious motive.

As for the Jesuits—the differences Manning had with the Society interested me less than the opinions about him held by individual Jesuits whom I have known. These opinions seemed to show, as in the case of Newman, that the likes and dislikes which Manning cherished or inspired were a matter of temperament rather than of ecclesiastical faith or polity.

One of these Jesuits was Father Forbes-Leith, who lived in France, where he was well known as "Le Père Forbes." He was a man who said what he meant without any of the traditional prudence or suavity attributed to the Society. He got into trouble by preaching against the French army, as a school of vice, in the days before the alliance of *le sabre et le goupillon* had made the clergy ardent militarists. So Father Forbes was expelled from France. After he returned he sometimes came to talk with me at my house in the south of France, and his biting conversation was not dull. One day, after a long sitting, as he said good-bye, he pointed to the Cardinal's portrait in my room, and said: "Your having known Manning intimately quite explains why you never became a Catholic."

Another Jesuit, of a different type, I met in South Africa, a dozen years earlier. This was the distinguished astronomer, Alfred Weld, who

having been twice English Provincial, was in old age sent to Grahamstown to direct an unimportant school for the sons of Irish colonists. There I found him, having heard that a visit from a friend of Cardinal Manning would be very welcome to him in his loneliness. An Irishman, whom I met at Port Elizabeth, the brother of a Jesuit novice, had said to me: "As you are a friend of Cardinal Manning, if you want to give an hour's joy to a good man, go and talk about him to our Father Superior, who loves him." After Rome and Fiesole, Father Weld would have cheerfully undertaken an arduous mission to some savage country. The arbitrary rule of the Society sent this distinguished priest to end his days amid mediocre surroundings. His room was full of pictures of Stonyhurst, which once belonged to the Welds, and of Lulworth Castle: for he was an old English Catholic as well as a Jesuit. Yet though he was of the two categories supposed to be hostile to Manning, he had the deepest admiration and regard for him. Across a gap of many years I have a vivid memory of the handsome, high-bred old Jesuit, standing in the bare recreation ground, where a crowd of Irish boys were playing a dusty game of cricket in the South African sun, as he gave me his last message of affectionate respect for the Cardinal.

In addition to the letters which the Cardinal

wrote regularly to me, giving news of what was going on around him in England, and which awaited me at stages of my travels abroad, he also provided me with letters of introduction of great value. At Rome they opened every door, including that of the *petite entrée* of the Vatican, as well as its official portal. He gave me, before starting on a long tour in North America, a general epistle in Latin, to supplement his special introductions to Cardinal Taschereau, the stately Primate of Canada, who had the aspect, the manners, and the language of a prelate of the ancient French monarchy, and to the more modern Archbishop of Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons, who happily still survives. The Latin letter, written before my eyes with marvellous rapidity, in his delicate penmanship, was stamped with the Cardinal's seal, and, addressed to the archbishops, bishops, and faithful throughout the world, it was the most useful passport ever delivered to a traveller. Its use in three quarters of the globe impressed me not only with the universality of the Church of Rome, but with the remarkable prestige of this old Englishman's name all over the world among people of every creed. Its presentation gave rise to many interesting incidents, as it sometimes caused me to be taken for a priest in disguise.[1]

[1] The reason of this was that the letter, being written on an official form, engraved with the Cardinal's hat at the top and with his archiepiscopal seal at the bottom, looked, at first glance, like a

The first time it was used was on the day I landed in the Western Hemisphere, and called on Dr. Power, the genial and witty Bishop of Saint John's, Newfoundland. He handed back the letter, saying: "Well, you call yourself a heretic: but with this document we shall hear of you administering the sacraments before you reach the Pacific."

The last letter of introduction that Cardinal Manning gave me was written in January 1891, just a year before he died. It was to his friend Cardinal Lavigerie, who had more closely endeared himself to Manning by his action in November 1890. The Archbishop of Carthage had then given a dinner at Algiers to the officers of the French Mediterranean fleet, when he toasted the Republic to the music of the *Marseillaise*, played by his Pères Blancs.

"Celebret"—the document delivered to priests, travelling away from their own dioceses, by their bishops as a warranty of their competency to celebrate mass. The document ran as follows:—

HENRICUS EDUARDUS

Tituli Sanct. Andreæ et Gregorii in Monte Coelio

S.R.E. PRESBYTER CARDINALIS

Dei et Apostolicæ Sedis Gratiâ

ARCHIEPISCOPUS WESTMONASTERIENSIS

Archiepiscopis, Episcopis, Sacerdotibus et Fidelibus Ecclesiae Catholicae ubique constitutis. Salutem Domino.

Litterarum praesentium latorem, Dominum Joannem Eduardum Courtenay Bodley, Anglum, mihi probe notum vereque carum, in rebus vitæ publicæ inter nos apprime versatum, omnibus hasce inspecturis enixe commendo, ut eidem in omni bono officio benevole praesto sint. HENRICUS E., Card: Manning:

Archiepisc. Westmonast:

The French Catholic reactionaries were as indignant at Cardinal Lavigerie's recognition of the Republic, under Leo XIII's directions, as Cardinal Manning was delighted. The beautiful clear handwriting at last showed signs of age. There were several erasures, unusual in his writing, in this interesting letter, indited in careful French, and expressing to his "frère en Jésus Christ" his sympathy with his efforts to put down the slave-trade. In his covering letter he said: "Cardinal Lavigerie and I think alike on most things. He is in contact with the present and has a clear look-out for the future, without losing fixed hold of the past in all that is immutable." Two months later, referring again to the African Cardinal, he wrote: "He and I live out in the desert; for we are neither of us hampered by local traditions. He can support the Republic, and I can attack the capitalists. It is a mad world, and very sick."

The last words indicate the character of Manning's radicalism in his declining days. Social questions were then taking a foremost place in his thoughts, Home Rule for Ireland having been his chief political preoccupation during a previous period. Thus in 1887 on my return from Italy, the Cardinal urged me to take an active interest in the political affairs of his Church, in continuation of my studies in Rome. He was uneasy about the mission of the Papal delegate sent to Ireland

to inquire into the "Plan of Campaign," and on July 21, 1887, he wrote to me:—

"Every act of Mgr. Persico is watched and criticised by the two sides. Why not go and see the Archbishop of Dublin and learn from him what Mgr. Persico's movements and surroundings are? If he were to take anyone with him your antecedents are all that would be needed, and Lord Salisbury would trust you."

This proposal did not accord with my attitude of *spectator certaminis* or with my plans to study countries more distant than Ireland. So I went off to travel in Africa for many months, during which the Cardinal kept me informed of home affairs. On my way back a letter from him met me, dated April 22, 1888, which contained a curious forecast of the effects of the Radical policy of the Conservative ministry:—

"Since 1832 there has been nothing so radical as the County Bill. I rejoice in it except the licensing clauses, which will drown the country in beer. But it insures Rome Rule to Ireland, and on lines known to the old tradition of English law. Gladstone's 'balloon' has retarded Home Rule: but he has made it sure and before long. In truth I am afraid of his flexibility and of his following, and I had rather see Home Rule in other hands—but in whose? It seems to be the

fate of the Tories to have the last man fit for Irish Secretary. No cleverness will compensate for cynicism, and of all things the Irish people will not endure it. If they had only brought in the County Bill first they might have done anything: but there is a Nemesis upon them. As soon as you come home, come to see me."

The Cardinal returned to his rash prophecies of the mighty works about to proceed from the County Councils, in the following letter of November 27, 1888, which reached me in the United States after my visit to Cardinal Taschereau at Quebec, to which the first part refers. It is an interesting document as displaying the diverse currents in Manning's mind.

"Your letter gave me a lively description of the French in Canada. They are truly *la vieille France* in its most refined, Catholic, and devout age. They have escaped the profligacy, impiety, mockery and atheism of the French Revolution, and the Voltairianism of the monarchies, empires and republics of modern France. In truth they are good Christians—which is my test of good Catholics. We have full knowledge of them, for they are working with us in the emigration of our poor children.

"The papers tell you of politics. Government is insured by Gladstone's life, and he is as vigorous

as ever. But there is a great break-up coming. My belief is that this is the last Tory government. The Castle in Ireland and the Elizabethan settlement in England are being wiped out. I expect an upheaval of the seventeenth-century middle class, with larger policy and complete toleration—too nearly tending to secularisation. All parties, political and religious, are broken up: all are weak. The County Government will be the field in which, I hope, a new English people will work out a new and equal social law and state. If the landholders, householders and capitalists will 'engineer a slope' we may avert disastrous collisions. If they will not, I am afraid you will see a rough time. Millions are living in an inhuman state, without Christianity and without civilisation."

Home Rule was not mentioned in this letter: but he returned to it from time to time, until the end of his life. Twelve months before his death he explained to me his definition of Home Rule as Rome Rule. He wrote to me, when I was living in Paris, on January 3, 1891:—

"I wish you were writing of Ireland, instead of France. We have at this moment a golden opportunity of letting Catholic Ireland save itself. But I am afraid that narrow English prejudice will mar it. The real government in Ireland is in the bishops and priests, and it would be just, peaceful and loyal if only Englishmen would leave it alone."

Although he called the scheme he advocated "Rome Rule" he resented the direct intervention of Rome in the politics, either of Irish or of English Catholics. Just as he did not like the mission of Mgr. Persico in Ireland, so he could not abide the idea of a papal envoy accredited to the British government. The chief foe of Gallicanism in Europe, he justified his original lack of sympathy for the old English Catholics on account of their gallican leanings and traditions. Yet in this respect he was a Gallican himself; though the old ultramontane antagonist of Dupanloup would have never pardoned the imputation.

After the publication in 1895 of the Life of Manning, it was stated by Roman Catholic writers of authority that the Cardinal had intended me to be his biographer. That statement was well-founded. It is useless to revive the controversy which the book aroused. The author, who, in the eyes of those who knew and loved Manning, did him an irreparable wrong, is dead, and was an aged man when he wrote the Life. So his name shall not be introduced in this tribute to the memory of the Cardinal, though he had no respect for his dead benefactor. Manning left his papers, without precise instructions, to his executors, four Oblate Fathers. One of them, Dr. Butler, whom the Cardinal introduced to me in 1889 because he was

his literary executor, told me, quite frankly, that the writer whom they permitted to defame their founder was the unsuccessful editor of a Roman Catholic journal, who, on the ground of his failure, persuaded the Cardinal to assist him by supplying him with material for a biographical sketch to be published in Manning's lifetime. Dr. Butler was a pious, lovable priest, of such saintly simplicity that while he openly expressed his mistrust of this writer and of his ability, he gave him every facility for accomplishing his task, sincerely believing that the mischief about to be done was only trivial. He had no illusion about the mischief, but so convinced was he of its unimportance that, in a letter in my possession, he wrote :

" I look upon the coming book as a mere collection of remote material which the poor Cardinal, in his tenderness to anyone who wanted to make him ugly, in clay, or on canvas, or in words, has innocently sanctioned."

Dr. Butler likewise assured me that the material, which the executors had allowed this writer to consult, was so small, that the book founded on it could not prejudice the authoritative biography, which he urged me to undertake. In his innocence, he had no suspicion that the small material thus provided was sufficient to produce a huge work of 1500 pages.

Manning had unluckily struck out from the list

of his executors the name of his successor, Herbert Vaughan, whose piety had not impaired a keen intelligence—so he was helpless in the matter. Cardinal Vaughan, some years later sought me out, and in the most handsome terms expressed his regret at what had happened. But it could not be undone. It was not only the blow dealt at the Roman Catholic Church in England that Cardinal Vaughan regretted. He was a great English gentleman, and he lamented that a noble English figure should have been deformed by a Catholic hand. What a Catholic hand of skill and integrity can do is shown in his own Life. The Life of Cardinal Vaughan is an admirable biography, a model of candour and of good taste.[1]

It was not Catholics alone, who, wounded in their moral sense, deplored the other book. Its most effective critic was a French Protestant, M. de Pressensé—a Huguenot by birth, an anti-clerical freethinker by development—in his preface to *Le Cardinal Manning*. He was the radical-socialist deputy who had the rare courage to stand up in the Chamber, braving his own party, to say that the figure in public life which had most fascinated him was that of the Roman Cardinal, whom he had seen borne to the grave in Protestant London amidst a population in mourning.

One of the calumnies noted by M. de Pressensé

[1] *The Life of Cardinal Vaughan*, by J. Snead Cox.

in the Life—the only one that need be mentioned—was as follows:

"To a losing cause Manning was never partial, early in life, or late. His nature instinctively shrank from them that were failing or were down."

These words were written by one who was "failing" and "down," when Manning stretched out his hand to raise him, and by his generous act of mercy and forgiveness—for the man had attacked him—enabled him to do his benefactor a wrong without remedy. Every enemy of Manning, except his biographer, owned that "his nature instinctively" drove him to fight on the side of a minority for an unpopular cause, and that he loved to help the weak and the poor. In his old age his advocacy of Socialism, of Temperance, of Home Rule, whatever the right or the wrong side of those questions, isolated him, and none of them were winning causes while he lived. So it was also in the prime of life, at his conversion, when he broke with friends and left an envied position and sure prizes in the Church of England, just when "No Popery" was the popular cry in this country.

I never felt any personal grievance about the writing of the Cardinal's Life; but only deep regret at the form in which it appeared. When he died, my work in France had taken such a hold on me that it would have been most difficult to lay it aside, even for the attractive task of making the biography. I could not leave my home in France

and my work, to enter into a discussion of claims with these good, unworldly priests. Their position was a delicate one. If they had preferred a Protestant, to write the Life of the Cardinal, over a Catholic convinced though they may have been of his unfitness, they might have had to endure reproach. Yet perhaps it would not have lasted so long as that which they incurred in the pursuance of what they conceived to be their duty.

Although my friendship with the Cardinal was quite independent of the question of the biography, the possibility of my writing it made our relations closer and our conversations more intimate. So a few incidents in that connection may be mentioned which illustrate certain features in Manning's life and character.

It was in 1886 that he first spoke of the possibility of my writing his life, and in 1887 that he first wrote to me about it. I was on my way home from Rome. The Cardinal was pleased at a message which Leo XIII had sent to him by me, and also at my having obtained for him some information about the Papal mission of Mgr. Ruffo Scilla to Queen Victoria's Jubilee, which had been withheld from him officially. So in a long letter on June 20, 1887, after comments on that curious incident and the intrigue which led to it, too confidential to be made public, he referred to his biography. He had already approved the idea of my writing his Harrow, Oxford and Laving-

ton life—his "Protestant life" as he sometimes called it. He now went further and wrote: "No one will understand me as a man of the world and as a politician better than you, and if you take that side of me I shall have a good and safe biographer. But when it comes to dogmas and canons and censures, on the rule of 'set a thief to catch a thief' a priest will be needed. Of all this we can talk." This paramount condition of the partial collaboration of a priest, violated after his death, I gladly accepted, liking the prospect of association with an expert, for subjects beyond a layman's competency—especially as the Cardinal explained that he had in his mind only diocesan affairs and theological questions, while he left all else to me, including the political and historic part he played at the Vatican Council.

From that moment the Cardinal steeped me in the atmosphere of his past. My contact with him inspired me with an idea which can no longer be realised in the domain of biography. He was one of the last of the great generations which had grown up into manhood before the dawn of the mechanical age, when the application of steam and electricity to means of communication began that transformation of the world, and of the human race in the midst of which we now stand not knowing whither it will lead.

Manning, born in 1807, was brought up amid

material surroundings which differed less from those of the Renaissance than those of to-day. It occurred to me that the biography of such an one might be so written as to be a document of unique value, if the biographer set himself the task of re-constituting the scenes in which his subject had passed his earlier days, with the aid of survivors of his generation. It was an opportunity which cannot occur again, as no future transition will be so complete as that which occurred in Manning's lifetime. Since he died there have been written several good lives of men of his time: but, not in the best of them has the attempt been made to reconstitute a past, which in its outward features is as far from us as the Tudor period. In these modern biographies of the last worthies of the old order we find reports of debates at Westminster under William IV, but nothing to recall the aspect of parliament at that epoch, or to differentiate them from later debates, when Disraeli dished the Whigs or Gladstone upset the Irish Church. We read of the agitation attending the first Reform Bill, but we are not shown the physiognomy of the crowds of 1832, or the social life which was then the background of English politics.

It seemed to me that Manning, who played brilliantly each several part he undertook on the stage of life, would make an imposing figure in succeeding scenes reconstituted from the past.

At Harrow the young captain of the eleven had known masters who taught Byron. At Oxford he was a Balliol man of note before the words Tractarian and Agnostic had entered the English language. In Sussex he was a famous country-parson and Archdeacon, before a railway was seen in that now suburban county. Papal Rome, identified with later successes of his life, bore more resemblance to the Rome of Michel Angelo than to the modern capital of United Italy.

A biography planned on such a scheme would have taken years of labour: but they would have been well spent. Easy writing makes hard reading, and the swiftly flowing pen produces prose swift to perish.

One of my plans pleased Manning, somewhat to my surprise, as usually he was reluctant to refer even to the period of the great grief of his early manhood, which turned his destiny. This was that I should some day go and stay near Lavington, the scene of his brief domestic life and of all his pastoral life in the Church of England—just as Macaulay stayed in Somerset to write the battle of Sedgemoor. The estate still belonged to his wife's nephew, the son of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, and at that time barely thirty-eight years had passed since Manning resigned his benefice. So there were still many people in Sussex who had known him as Rector and Archdeacon.

Of Manning's wish to aid me in reconstituting the scene of his early years the following little incident is a testimony. The height of the London season used to be marked by an annual garden-party at Marlborough House. The Cardinal sometimes attended it: but in the summer of 1889 he was tired and rather fearful of a crowd. So we arranged to go together to the fête, where, if he pleased, he might lean on my arm as he paced the lawns. It was a pleasant experience to see the respectful curiosity with which the good old man was received. Queen Victoria was present, and after her august figure there was none regarded with livelier interest than that of the venerable Cardinal. There was the Countess Karolyi, the beautiful ambassadress of Austria, who approached him with gracious reverence, as though she were paying homage to her sovereign the Empress Elizabeth, reminding him that they had met last by the bedside of her sick child. Lord Dufferin, fresh from the triumphs of his vice-royalty in India, saluted him with his engaging charm. At last there hobbled up to the Cardinal, an old gentleman leaning on two sticks, one of which he pointed at him, as he said: "You don't remember me, Manning?"—"Yes I do," was the answer; "you are Grimston."—"That was my name," said the other, "when you boarded in Hog Lane, at Harrow, in 1824." The old Harrovian was Lord Verulam, and the Cardinal presented

me to him, saying afterwards: "That was a lucky meeting. He will be able to tell you about my school-days better even than Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews, who has published most of his reminiscences of Harrow."

Soon after this I went to live in France. The work which took me there would, I reckoned, keep me abroad for fifteen months or so, at the end of which my studies of the life and times of Cardinal Manning might be resumed. The Cardinal survived for more than fifteen months; but my work in France kept me there, without a break, for more than fifteen years, and, interrupted by ill-health, is not finished yet.

I came over several times to see my old friend. He had given me letters to French cardinals and bishops, which enabled me to penetrate the intimate life of the clergy perhaps more deeply than any foreigner before me. He thought the French episcopate too reactionary for a democracy and foretold some of the troubles which have since fallen on the Gallican Church. In that connection he had said to me: "I fear that you will find my brethren of the French episcopate chiefly remarkable for their goodness." This was a harsh appreciation of the intelligence of the French bishops; but Manning was at times prone to measure men from his own intellectual height, especially those whose opinions, differing from his, he put down to ignorance. He could not and did not include all the

French episcopate in his disparagement. There were certain prelates to whom he specially commended me who were men of high attainment. Cardinal Lavigerie has been mentioned. Such also was the Bishop of Autun, afterwards Cardinal Perraud, one of the finest intellects in the French Academy. He gave me back, as a souvenir, the letter by which Manning introduced me, written in old-fashioned courtly French, and the Cardinal was highly interested in my account of pleasant hours spent with Mgr. Perraud in the old Palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, now stripped from the See of Autun. Another letter, which I could not deliver till it had become a message from beyond the grave, was addressed to Mgr. de Cabrières, Bishop of Montpellier. That witty and genial son of the South was consecrated only eight years after Manning and is still alive, having been made a Cardinal in 1911 at the age of eighty-one. Both he and Mgr. Perraud were political reactionaries and opponents of the Republic: though that did not diminish their reverence for the radical Cardinal of Westminster. For Manning's radicalism was British and secular, and the name of the great Ultramontane opened an easy way to the friendship of the French clergy. So my first contact with the Church in France interested the old Cardinal for more than one reason.

It was in the spring-time of 1891 when he bade me his last farewell. That day he promised

to sit for his portrait for me, no artist having caught his likeness since Richmond sketched the handsome Archdeacon of Chichester. He had offered me engravings of his portraits by Long and Ouless which did not please me, and had given me a fine etching of his head—"verae pignus amicitiae," as he wrote upon it between my name and his. We agreed that if the new picture were good it should be engraved for the frontispiece of the biography. The painting was finished just before he died, and may be judged in this volume as an admirable likeness of the old Cardinal in his decline.

He returned to the subject of the biography. A kinswoman of his, the Marquise de Salvo, had shown me much kindness in Paris. English by birth, she was an artistic old Parisian with memories of the Court of Louis Philippe which she used to recite at her dinner-table to me and an agreeable vicaire of Saint Louis-d'Antin, in which parish she had lived from the days when it was the fashionable quarter of the town. Alone with me she told me tales of the Cardinal's early days, when in a Kentish home she was a little child and he a tall young hero from Harrow. When her cousin was Archdeacon of Chichester she had married a Neapolitan, and Manning had written to her a series of letters exhorting her, in vain, to remain an English Protestant. Some years before my meeting with Madame de Salvo she

had, at his request, returned these letters, which would have been priceless material for the history of his spiritual life. The Cardinal was keenly interested to hear some of the echoes of his young days, nodding his old head and smiling as he recognised a familiar story, until it seemed as though I had brought back to him, on this spring day, a touch of his far-off youth.

All this time he was nursing two manuscript books. At last he opened them, filled with his fine, clear handwriting, and let me see them. They were two of his secret diaries; and he said: "I thought you might like to take these." I was on the eve of a long series of *voyages d'études* in France and Algeria. Was it prudent to risk the loss of these precious records during months of travel? This was the thought that flashed through my mind, when he made the unexpected offer. So, to my never-ending regret, I refused to take charge of them, promising to come again for them in the winter—in which he died. Looking back when it was too late, I was convinced that the Cardinal was anxious to place his diaries in sure keeping. He had aged and become feebler since my last visit to England, and in his weakness was beset by indiscreet importunity. If those books had been delivered to me by his pious and venerable hands, no power on earth would have ever taken them from me. He gave me his blessing, with more than usual affection; and I never saw him again.

NOTE ON CARDINAL MANNING'S PRECEDENCE

(*See* p. 6.)

THIS letter which I published in the *Morning Post*, in July 1890, explains itself and may be of some slight historical interest.

SIR,—The letters, recently published, of Lord Salisbury and of Mr. Gladstone on the question of Cardinal Manning's precedence are, no doubt, strictly accurate in so far as they represent the recollection and the knowledge of the present and of the past Prime Minister; at the same time, if read alone, they would give a wrong impression as to what really occurred at the time of the issuing of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes.

Last November, in an article on the Roman Catholic Church in America, in the *Nineteenth Century*, I wrote incidentally that "Cardinal Manning, by the Queen's sign manual, was, on the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, with the assent of the Heir to the Throne and of the present Prime Minister, who were members of it, assigned precedence immediately after the Royal Family." The only importance attaching to that statement lay in the fact that, as

Secretary of the Royal Commission I was acquainted with the incidents attending its creation; and with a very trifling modification of my words, to be mentioned hereafter, I am prepared to stand by them as accurately representing what took place at the time.

On the completion of the list of distinguished names which were to appear on that Commission, the first question which arose was the precedence to be given to Cardinal Manning. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had consented to become a member of it—an unprecedented honour accorded to a temporary commission—and naturally his Royal Highness was without delay consulted upon the interesting question. The Prince of Wales, I believe, pronounced the opinion, against which no objection was ever raised within the Commission, which included eminent men of all parties and of all shades of religious belief, that, subject to the assent of Lord Salisbury, Cardinal Manning's name should be placed on the Commission immediately after that of his Royal Highness. Lord Salisbury's assent was necessary, not so much on account of his high personal and political position, but because he was the foremost in rank of the remaining Commissioners, and, therefore, chiefly concerned in the matter. The incident was impressed in my memory by an observation made to me at the time by a well-known official, to the effect that we might have

had endless difficulty if, instead of Lord Salisbury, there had been "an Evangelical Duke" on the Commission.

The Prime Minister, in his letter to the Cheshire Vicar, says with perfect accuracy that it is not true that "Mr. Gladstone, with the concurrence of Lord Salisbury, recommended the Queen to place Cardinal Manning's name after that of the Prince of Wales and before that of the present Premier." Lord Salisbury would naturally have no communication with Mr. Gladstone on the subject; nor would it, I apprehend, have been Mr. Gladstone's duty to lay the matter before the Queen. The Queen's pleasure on the constitution of the Commission and the precedence of its members was, of course, taken by Sir William Harcourt, the then Secretary of State.

Mr. Gladstone, in a letter to the same clergyman, says that Cardinal Manning "is not possessed of any temporal rank, whatever precedence may be accorded to him by courtesy." It would seem to be an act of presumption to attempt to join issue with Mr. Gladstone on any matter connected with official tradition, upon which his knowledge is profound and unrivalled; but I would with the greatest diffidence submit that on a Royal Commission the "precedence accorded by courtesy" is unknown. The order of the names is decided by the most formal rules, and no courtesy rank is accorded to

venerable years, to high personal character, or to conspicuous public services. If Mr. Gladstone had honoured the Royal Commission by taking a seat at its board, though combining all those qualifications in his person and though then filling the office of First Minister of the Crown, he would, I presume, have been placed after Lord Carrington and before Mr. Goschen, whose names followed one another on the Commission. Had Lord Beaconsfield been alive and had consented to serve, he, in the same way, would have ranked after Lord Brownlow and before Lord Carrington. The reverence with which Cardinal Manning is regarded by his fellow-countrymen undoubtedly facilitated the concession of place to him by his distinguished colleagues; but when it was once granted and confirmed under the Queen's sign manual it became no longer a matter of courtesy but one of officially recognised precedence.

It has been said, on the other hand, that the rank accorded to the Cardinal is based on the Irish precedent, according to which the Roman Catholic Archbishops in Ireland rank, I believe, with and after the Archbishops of the Disestablished Church. I am aware that this precedent was quoted by the experienced Home Office officials in preparing the Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes; but it is evident that there is no analogy between the cases. To begin with, precedence in

Ireland is as independent of that which prevails in England as is the precedence obtaining in Calcutta or in Capetown. Moreover, no comparison can be instituted between the position of the Roman hierarchy in Ireland side by side with that of a Disestablished Protestant Church and the matter in controversy. What, however, is most important is that, in the Royal Commission, Cardinal Manning was accorded his rank as a Cardinal and not as Archbishop of Westminster. The latter title is not mentioned or recognised in the Royal Commission. It cannot, therefore, be held that the precedence was granted on the analogy of the position of the Protestant and Catholic Bishops in Ireland. Again, it should be borne in mind that among the members of the Commission was Bishop Walsham-How, now a spiritual peer, but then a bishop-suffragan in the diocese of London. Had the Irish precedent been followed of placing Catholic prelates immediately after Protestant prelates of the Disestablished Church of corresponding rank, *a fortiori* Bishop Walsham-How, a bishop of the Established Church of England, who was addressed in the Commission as a "Right Reverend Father in God" (the official style of the spiritual peerage), would have ranked immediately after the bishops, who are peers of Parliament,—that is to say, he would have sat above Lord Carrington on the Royal Commission. Instead of this he was placed after the junior Privy

Councillor on the Commission, Sir Charles Dilke, and before Mr. Lyulph Stanley, the younger son of a baron—a precedence thus also being invented for suffragan bishops of the Establishment.

It is therefore clear, I think, that Cardinal Manning was accorded his precedence, not as a matter of courtesy (which is unknown on a Royal Commission), and not in his capacity as a Roman Catholic Archbishop, but as a personage of princely rank. It is quite possible that the precedence may attach personally to him and be not a precedent for other Cardinal Princes of the Church who are British subjects; but, undoubtedly, "our trusty and well-beloved Cardinal Henry Edward Manning" has by the most formal official instrument been placed before the peerage of the United Kingdom, though it may be argued that nothing which occurred on the Commission interfered with the position of the two Primates of the Established Church and of the Lord Chancellor—that being the modification of my statement quoted at the commencement of this letter.

No one who has the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with our great English Cardinal can fail to be aware that, though the position he holds in the hearts of his countrymen is very precious to him, he cares nothing for matters of mundane rank and precedence. I know from his Eminence that the recent controversy in the newspapers has been

distasteful to him, and that in his humble simplicity he would gladly take the lowest place as an ordinary citizen rather than give offence to any man. But as the subject has been publicly discussed it seemed to me that there might be a certain historic interest in the narrative of the circumstances attending the confirmation of Cardinal Manning's rank, especially as it was brought about in some degree by the illustrious Prince, than whom there is no higher authority on questions of precedence in Europe.—
Yours, &c., J. E. C. BODLEY.

PARIS, *July* 12, 1890.

I have a number of letters from the Cardinal on this subject, the discussion of which he deprecated. As it had been opened by Mr. Gladstone and continued by Lord Salisbury, it seemed to be my duty to relate what had really taken place. So I wrote my letter without consulting the Cardinal or submitting it to him.

THE DECAY OF IDEALISM IN FRANCE

THE DECAY OF IDEALISM IN FRANCE

THE title of this study, the Decay of Idealism in France, might suggest that we were to take a flight in the high realms of metaphysic. No doubt it would be an edifying exercise to trace the influence upon French philosophy in the eighteenth century of "the ingenious system of idealism put forth by the pious and profound Berkeley"—to quote the *Essai sur les Facultés de l'Âme* of Bonnet,[1] the philosopher of Geneva, whose life was almost contemporary with that of his compatriot Rousseau. It might be even more interesting to examine the influence upon French thought in the nineteenth century, of the subjective idealism of Kant and of the absolute idealism of Hegel—who, Taine said, was always flying with his abstractions three hundred feet above the level of facts. Or we might survey French philosophical tendencies of our own time in a critical analysis of the modern schools of idealism, naturalism, pragmatism and realism, com-

[1] Charles Bonnet, 1720–1793. Some of his work, *e.g.* his *Essai de Psychologie* (1754), was published in London.

paring the influence in France of M. Bergson, who has rejuvenated the old theme of the relations of mind and matter, with that of William James whose work was recognised in Europe by his election as a corresponding Member of the French Institute, twelve years before his premature death.

An excursion in those arduous regions is an easy and ordinary incident in the life of that inquiring sex which in this country crowds the courses of M. Bergson—just as the "honourable women" of decadent Greece, in the rich cities of Macedonia, deserting Thracian Bacchus and the gods of neighbouring Olympus, were the most eager disciples of the travelling professor of Tarsus, when he crossed the Aegean to bring them a new philosophy from Asia. But of mankind, the majority in France, as well as in England, and even in materialised Germany, are in the condition which Mark Pattison said was that of Newman, to whom, in the opinion of his old friend, "all the development of human reason from Aristotle down to Hegel, was a sealed book."[1]

It is not therefore the idealism of the "Doctors of Sorbonne," ancient or modern, which will engage our attention. It is the idealism of the man on the boulevards, of the peasant, the politician, the journalist, the playwright, and also of the philosopher who speaks the language of the people.

[1] Mark Pattison, *Memoirs*, p. 210.

It is that effective idealism which for generations has operated upon the history of France and its government; which, under various forms, prepared the ground for the French Revolution; which determined the fall of the monarchy of July; which made Frenchmen dream that the nation would be happier under a Republic than under the Second Empire. That practical idealism has influenced the destinies of France in the past, just as our sense of tradition has played a ruling part in the history of England—and both those qualities seem to be disappearing from the two countries under the pressure of the mechanical age.

At the outset of this inquiry it should be noted that a difficulty in pursuing it will be found in the limitations of terminology, which prescribes the same word to connote this idealism of everyday life and the idealism of metaphysical philosophy. The confusion of the terms has caused even philosophers to differ among themselves as to what an idealist is, as will be seen in the following anecdote. When Victor Cousin died his place in the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques was filled by Vacherot, the metaphysician, in spite of Guizot who opposed him for being a materialist. Sainte-Beuve and other friends maintained that he was on the contrary an idealist. Guizot may have been right in denying him that quality as a

professor of abstract science. But Vacherot had descended from the heights of metaphysic to write a book called *La Démocratie*, of such practical purport that he was prosecuted by the police of the Second Empire, on the ground that in it he had set up an ideal, to be realised before the end of the nineteenth century, of a future Liberal government in France. Thiers was one of those who voted for him, holding that by this work he had made good his claim to be classed as an idealist.[1]

The idealism, the state of which in France we are about to investigate, is that which Thiers and Sainte-Beuve found in the political writings of Vacherot, although in the domain of abstract thought he may have been the opposite of an idealist. His case we shall find to be that of other Frenchmen, in the course of our inquiry.

No student of the institutions of France can fail to recognise the great part played in their development by the spirit of idealism, since the Encyclopaedists laid the philosophic bases of the French Revolution. The apparent decay of that idealism had for some time interested me as an

[1] Sainte-Beuve, *Nouvelle Correspondance*, 7 Mars 1868. "M. Vacherot métaphysicien distingué n'est pas du tout un matérialiste comme l'a prétendu M. Guizot, mais plutôt un idéaliste. . . . Pour son livre de *La Démocratie* il avait été condamné en police correctionelle sous prétexte qu'il présentait et proposait l'idéal d'un gouvernement futur et libéral qui devait surgir avant la fin du siècle."

important phase in the history of French national character. In the Preface to two lectures on the Church in France, delivered at the Royal Institution in 1906, soon after the passing of the "Separation Bill" and published that year I referred to it in the following passage:—

"The English and the French nation are each undergoing a rapid transformation of character. We English have always been materialistic and practical in tendency with our materialism tempered by our respect for tradition. The French at the Revolution abandoned tradition for ideas, and during the nineteenth century a basis of idealism has usually been found in their acts. Twenty years hence the love of tradition in England and idealism in a Frenchman will be as rare as either of those qualities in a citizen of the United States. . . . The psychological change which is operating in the French character seems to have taken its decided course from the artificial starting-point of the beginning of a new century. The Dreyfus affair which filled the latter years of the nineteenth century was the last explosion of idealism in France. The extravagances of partisans on either side in that conflict . . . had each for their basis an idea. But when the storm had passed away, the nation seemed to have left behind in the old century all its idealistic heritage of the Revolution."

The subject of the lectures was so familiar to the people of France that it was not worth while to translate the little book into French. An accident called the attention of French critics to the Preface. I have the honour to be one of the corresponding Members of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, and it is our practice to submit our published works to the Academy. Hindered by ill-health from doing this myself I asked M. Ribot, an eminent member of the Company, to present it, and the words with which he accomplished this gracious act were widely reported.

The distinguished Academician, who has been Prime Minister of the Republic, pointed out the passage referring to idealism, with some reservation,—he being a Frenchman of that generation which grew into manhood under the Second Empire, when idealism was preparing the way for a radical change in the government and destinies of France. The saying was quoted and discussed by a number of competent critics. Some, who could read English, procured the book; and there is no keener literary pleasure in this world for an author than to have his opinions criticised by Frenchmen who know what they are writing about. Certain critics, with well-reasoned arguments, contended that the apparent disappearance of idealism from the scheme of French national life was only tem-

porary; for nearly every Frenchman who has passed middle-age clings to some of the visions of his youth. Others acknowledged with regret that idealism, as an effective element and influence in the life of the people, is an extinct force, even though the idealising tendency remains to deceive superficial observers. Some seemed to think that the old idealism, which transformed France and affected Europe, will be known to coming generations only as something belonging to the past of the nation, such as the individualism of the French Revolution. One able critic, who strongly supported my general proposition with proofs drawn from what he saw around him, questioned my suggestion that there was no idealism in the United States. Considering the influence exercised on modern civilisation by the American people it is perhaps to be hoped that his doubt was well founded.

The expression used in my Preface, that "the Dreyfus affair was the last explosion of idealism in France," puzzled many English readers. Its explanation will perhaps throw a clearer light on the nature of the idealism which we are examining than any definition of the term. From that we can proceed to an exposition of the state of idealism in France during the generation which came after the Franco-German war, which will lead to an inquiry of the causes of its decay in the first period of the

twentieth century, in case we find that such decay has taken place. The subject is a complicated one, and its elucidation will call for more than one digression from the main theme. It is possible that we may not arrive at an entirely definitive and final conclusion. In this transition period through which the world is passing, the rapid developments of the mechanical age are so changing the material conditions of human life in all lands that the aspirations of mankind are taking new directions undreamed of in the last century, while national characteristics are becoming less distinct.

If an outbreak of anti-Semitism were to take place in England, its cause would be mainly economic. It might arise from the competition of Jewish immigrants with English workers in the labour market; or from an attempt by Jews to seize the monopoly of local trade in the necessities of life, thereby ruining small shopkeepers, raising prices and oppressing consumers. If scenes of violence ensued they would be the result of the contact of the English and Hebrew populations living in mutual proximity in crowded quarters of towns. Or the movement might arise from the material fear conceived by the native population, of being robbed or slain by undesirable aliens. In neither case would the movement be primarily inspired by the religion or the race of the inter-

lopers, though racial feeling might aggravate it. It would be analogous to those movements, which are often seen in our British possessions and in the United States, against the "yellow" immigration, wherein the opponents of Asiatic cheap labour have no very distinct notion of the ethnology or the beliefs of the people of China and Japan.

In France, where anti-Semitism filled the atmosphere of the last ten years of the nineteenth century, there is little contact or economic rivalry of French and Jewish working populations. The influx of pauper Jews is not very great. The capital, not being a seaport, is less accessible to them, when they come from Russia and Germany, than is London. So in the babel of Paris, where every language of Europe is heard, there are no populous quarters of the town, as in London, where Yiddish is the prevalent tongue. The Jews are relatively few in number in the nation;[1] but they are relatively conspicuous in the wealthy cosmopolitan society of the capital. It is against the Jewish financiers, politicians, and journalists, moving in these circles, that is directed the animosity of the anti-Semites, who accuse them of

[1] According to Jewish statistical authorities, in 1910 there were only 95,000 Jews in France against 240,950 in Great Britain. Yiddish is not unknown in Paris. The Russian and other Jews speaking that dialect are able to support a small "Hebrew Theatre" for the performance of plays in Yiddish; but so few are they that the Parisian public was unaware of the existence of this theatre, until the alleged theft from it of some stage properties, which were said to have been used as disguises in the Steinheil murder in May 1908, drew attention to it.

having an exorbitant influence in the government of the Republic. Hence it is that French anti-Semitism is a sentiment largely cherished by people who have read in the newspapers that this charge is justified, rather than by those who have been in contact with the Jews. Anti-Semitic freethinkers nourish their hostility on traditions of the predatory iniquity of the Hebrew race. Clericals foment theirs on the heterodoxy of the Jewish religion, sometimes coupling with unscientific intolerance, Protestantism with Judaism. I have known country curés, who had spent their lives in rural departments where no census enumerator ever discovered a Jew, and who had never themselves seen a Jew, sincerely convinced that the chief peril to the human race and to the French nation, that the gravest menace to religion and morality was the toleration of Jews in the army and government of France. These good priests were pure idealists in their limited horizon.

The idealism of these simple-minded sons of the peasantry was mild in its expression compared with that of Parisian anti-Semitism. Some years after the Dreyfus affair was ended the remains of Émile Zola were transferred to the Panthéon. Zola, at all events, was not an idealist—not even when he wrote his letter *J'accuse*, of which I know some of the unpublished history. The translation of his ashes was decried by critics who condemned the

inexact realism of his works—including not a few who approved the substance of his famous letter. The victim of the "affair" was present at the ceremony and he was shot at by an old pupil of the École Normale. Tried at the assizes of the Seine, the defendant declared that he had no hatred for M. Dreyfus—that he had not even fired at him. "My gesture was symbolic," he cried, "and I fired the shot at an idea. The act with which I am reproached, I committed under symbolical circumstances, without any intention of harming M. Dreyfus." The accused was of the generation which had seen the Revolution of 1848 brought about by an outburst of ideas—those "ideas of 1848" which provoked the disdain of the practical Gambetta, who was not a Frenchman by blood. The Parisian jury, always prone to excessive mercy when judging attacks upon human life where any element of sentiment has provoked the crime, acquitted this singular symbolist as a farewell salute to the disappearing idealism of France.

Some of the Dreyfusards were similarly idealistic in their defence of the victim of a judicial error. One of the loudest of his partisans, a pure-bred Frenchman who was well known in England, was once upbraiding me for my detached attitude towards the "affair." My intimate relations with the people of France were partly due to the possession of "a cross-bench mind," which saved

me from taking sides in the lively disputes from time to time dividing the nation. During the Dreyfus years I had the advantage of being on most friendly terms with ardent belligerents of both camps, and had the uncommon experience of making the acquaintance of the much-enduring protagonist in the drama, after his release. This I mentioned to my furious Dreyfusard, but it only inflamed his noble rage. "Qu'est ce que ça me fait?" he cried. "Le Capitaine Dreyfus ne m'intéresse point": and he went on to say that he had declined to meet him for fear lest his abstract idealism should be contaminated by some concrete disillusion. Even the physical sufferings of the man had not touched him. To him the prisoner of the Devil's Island was not a creature of flesh and blood. He was an idea, a symbol, an abstraction, just as, from an opposite point of view, he was to the fanatic with the pistol at the Panthéon.

All those who demanded a revision of the military judgment of 1894 were not of this type. The idealism of all of them was not merely rhetorical. Some of them were willing to undergo material penalties for their adherence to an idea—the idea of justice. Such was Scheurer-Kestner, whose whole life had been a struggle on behalf of certain ideas which were dear to him. For his ideas on liberty he had suffered prison under the Second Empire: for his ideas on patriotism he had sacrificed his

home and his interests in Alsace when he opted for French nationality after the war ; for his ideas on justice, because he enunciated the principle that all the citizens of a nation are menaced, if the rights of one of them are violated, he was dismissed from the office of vice-president of the Republican Senate, at the height of the Dreyfus crisis. Such also was Colonel Picquart, who, a convinced anti-Semite, endured punishment and humiliation in the army which he adorned, because he could not suffer the idea of a Jewish officer being in his opinion wrongfully condemned.

Among the idealists on the other side the most interesting figure was that of Ferdinand Brunetière whom I knew well. His anti-Dreyfusism may have been due to the coincidence of his evolution towards Catholicism with the anti-Semitic crisis in France—most of the clericals being hostile to the Jews, though in the first stages of the Dreyfus affair the hostility of the anti-clericals was quite as keen. He was an idealist to the core in spite of his positivist education, which feature of his early training has been recalled by his friend M. Denys Cochin. That distinguished Catholic deputy and Academician pointed out that the positivism which Gambetta, in his famous speech at the opening of the new Sorbonne, extolled as a safeguard against clericalism, did not confine its influence to antichristian France. It affected all the generation

which grew into manhood under the Second Empire, and M. Cochin declared that Christian as Brunetière became, he remained to the end faithful to his positivist education.[1]

Brunetière's idealism was something outside the differences of metaphysic and positivism. When Maître Barboux succeeded to his chair in the French Academy—which he retained only three years and died in 1910—in his discourse on taking his seat, he related how the phrase perpetually on Brunetière's lips was: "Ce sont les idées qui gouvernent le monde." The eloquent leader of the Parisian bar, who had lived his life in close contact with men and with human action, joined issue here with his predecessor. He suggested that a philosopher, poring over his books in a library, cannot see that ideas only agitate the world, which is governed by interests and passions. In a long passage, with subtle argument Maître Barboux asked, how can an idealist be a Christian and how can he hope to convert others to Christianity? In England the reply would be: How can one be a Christian without being an idealist? For we all

[1] M. Cochin wrote: "Ce chrétien avait reçu l'éducation positiviste et personne n'y resta plus fidèle. Toute sa vie il a cru à la vérité objective, qui est tangible, qui n'est pas une opinion." —*Bulletin de la Semaine*, 5 Juillet 1911. Of late years there has been a good deal of philosophic controversy in certain coteries of French Catholics, with which M. Maurras and the *Action Française* have been associated, as to the compatibility of positivism with the Catholic ideal.

talk vaguely about Christian ideals and the difficulty of attaining them. Some of us would hold that the Founder of Christianity was the incarnation, and His following the incorporation of an idea. But idealism in France, at all events in the view of those who consider it unpractical, whether a man's ideas are nebulous or distinct, is a system of formulæ, of syllogisms. So the eloquent advocate doubted if M. Brunetière, after his own conversion, had ever converted anyone else, with his imperious logic ; because religion is a consolation and syllogisms have never consoled or converted anyone.[1] The Sermon on the Mount, Maître

[1] *Discours de reception à l'Académie Française.* Since this page was written a voice from beyond the grave has testified to a conversion by syllogism. Miss Petre has permitted me to read the proofs of the lamented Father Tyrrell's remarkable *Autobiography*, which she has edited with great ability. The autobiographical part of the work is unhappily only a fragment. Had Tyrrell been able to complete it, I believe it would have been one of the most memorable works of its kind in the English language, of higher interest in its candid analysis of the history of a soul than Newman's *Apologia.* In a page full of the irony of which Tyrrell was a master he writes of his conversion to Rome : "What eventually finished me was really a syllogism I found in a book . . . by Father Mumford, S.J. I do not mean that I, or anyone else, was ever convinced by a syllogism of any unwelcome truth ; but given a strong wish to believe, it often needs only a syllogism to justify the understanding in withdrawing its veto ; and nothing was holding me back now but the revolt of my common sense and my taste against certain details and particulars connected with Romanism. This revolt I was tempted to crush violently in other interests ; but my dislike of insincerity was at war with my passion for a faith—for something to cling to and to live for. My syllogism seemed to justify me in this act of violence. In substance it was this : 'Given that there must be a Church on earth claiming infallibility, no body that disclaims it can be that Church : and if only one body claims it, that must be the

Barboux declared, is the most marvellous tissue of contradictions ever submitted to human reason, and yet, in a way, it converted the world. If it did convert the world the Sermon on the Mount was a triumph of idealism, and of promise to idealists of reward, to be enjoyed presumably in the world to come. For in the modern democratic and commercial society of this world, those, for instance, who hunger and thirst after righteousness and justice, are less likely to be filled than such extravagant idealists were even in the Jewish colonies of Tiberius.

To trace the relations of religion with idealism in France would lead us into a vast field of discussion which stretches beyond the boundaries of our present survey. There we should probably find that while the only mysticism in France is religious, the idealism which is peculiarly French

Church.' Granting the premisses, as I understood them, there was no way out of the conclusion. Of course every word of these premisses is ambiguous and disputable, but I admitted them as they sound. Nor do I see now how those who hold the extreme positions of Father Dolling or Lord Halifax can wriggle out of the inference as Canon [Bishop] Gore, and those of his level, legitimately can." In 1898 Tyrrell published (under the *Imprimatur* of the "Censor deputatus" and of Cardinal Vaughan) an essay on "Idealism, its use and abuse." I cannot find in it a line to help me in my present inquiry, the conclusion being that "This world is not the place where we are to look for the ideal." What is interesting in its perusal is that it should be from the same pen which two years later began the *Autobiography*. The latter is Tyrrell himself, as one knew him and heard him talk; while "Idealism" and the other studies in the volume entitled *Hard Sayings* are excellent essays in pious literature which only here and there bear any trace of Tyrrell's unique talent.

has, since Rousseau, been anti-religious in its tendency, or at all events not Christian. Since the Renaissance, Christianity and the controversies proceeding from it have affected the history of the French people perhaps more than that of any other European nation. But Christianity, and especially that form of it which is most practised in France, is a cosmopolitan rather than a national element. The ideals of Christianity, whether Roman or Protestant, are not the invention of Calvin, of Pascal, of Bossuet, or of Joseph de Maistre. They are taken from the same sources as the Christian ideals of other lands. In the mind of a Frenchman they assume a French form; but they are not French either in origin or in characteristic. The Comte Albert de Mun is a Catholic and an eloquent champion of the Church, who, all his life, has held up Christian ideals, religious and social, as an example for mankind. But his ideals are more akin to those of Cardinal Manning than to those formulated by his countrymen. In his capacity of a Frenchman, who, born under the Monarchy of July, grew up under the Second Empire, he is full of sympathy and admiration for the idealism of his generation. This was manifest in his eulogy, at the French Academy, of his old friend Melchior de Vogüé.[1] In his capacity of a Christian,

[1] *Discours prononcé à la séance publique tenue par l'Académie Française pour la reception de M. Henri de Régnier.*

M. de Mun traced to the influence of religion the idealism found in Vogüé's work—about which we shall have a good deal to say. He quoted, in support of his thesis, the saying of M. Émile Boutroux, the eminent and earnest historian of philosophy and of the relations of religion with science: "The ideal conceptions of human life proceed from religion"—a general proposition from which most Frenchmen would dissent, without a precise definition of the word "religion."

M. Wagner, the well-known Protestant pastor and writer, might be quoted as a teacher whose "ideal conceptions of human life proceed from religion." But Protestantism in France, though in some respects more French in its characteristics than Catholicism, has only a circumscribed influence. It is a regional and hereditary religion and has had none of that dominance over the life and thought of a large section of the nation, such as has been exercised since the Revolution by Roman Catholicism, in varying degrees of strength. Whether the Christian religion is fated to revive in France or to be overwhelmed in that indifference for immaterial things, which is afflicting all civilised nations, neither the great Church of Rome nor the smaller Reformed Churches will have much to do with the conservation of French idealism; for it belongs to a domain which is not that of the ideal of Christianity.

At the same time there are Christian writers and Catholic writers in France whose writings are idealistic in mould. There is M. René Bazin a writer of edifying piety, whose romances certainly set up an ideal for his readers to admire, if not to follow. M. Bazin is regarded by his admirers as the founder of a school of blameless novel writing. But he and his disciples are faithful sons of the Church, so their idealism is somewhat fettered in its expression. Otherwise they might share the fate of M. Marc Sangnier, the editor of the *Sillon*. That pious Catholic is also no doubt a French idealist. But for a French Catholic to-day, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Ultramontane faith. So, with anti-gallican and anti-national influences reigning at the Vatican, the religious belief of a French Catholic must be Roman rather than French in its expression. This was seen in the sad adventure of the *Sillon*. After it had been interdicted by the Holy See, its editor —the theorist, the philosopher, the theologian, the ambitious French idealist ceased to exist. There remained only M. Marc Sangnier the dumb and submissive Catholic, kissing the hand of the Roman pontiff who had smitten him. We need not therefore follow any of the philosophic controversies which have of late years occupied certain coteries of French Catholics—such as that of the compatibility of positivism with the Catholic

ideal, which has been noticed in connection with Brunetière.

An opinion attributed to Renan may be mentioned before we leave the subject of the relations of religion with idealism. Edmond de Goncourt in his journal of 1870 relates that at one of the weekly dinners held at the restaurant Brébant by a circle of "intellectuals," which, with attenuated bill of fare, were continued during the siege, Renan scandalised the company, and especially Berthelot the eminent chemist, by an unpatriotic argument which seemed ill-timed in the midst of the German bombardment of Paris. The sentiment of the fatherland, he said, was natural in antiquity; but Catholicism had taken the place of fatherland and as idealism had inherited the place of Catholicism, idealists ought to disdain miserable ethnographic ties to bind them to the soil of a fatherland. The fatherland of idealists was that in which they were permitted to think, and he was unable to feel any of the indignation and rage with which foreign domination filled patriotic hearts.

Goncourt published this in 1890 two years before the death of Renan, who denied having uttered these sentiments. It is likely enough that he did say something about idealism being the successor of Catholicism, as this suggestion is found in his works. But the Catholicism and the idealism to which Renan makes most frequent allusion, are

Breton Catholicism and Breton idealism; and in his native Brittany, as he himself testifies, idealism did not succeed to Catholicism—the two elements existed side by side. Renan ascribed the idealism of the Bretons less to their Catholic tradition than to their Celtic race. It is certain that religious faith and idealism have lingered longer, and with deeper root, in Brittany than in any other part of France, and the reason may be that the Celtic strain is stronger in that region than in the rest of France. Renan boasted that he was the most authentic scion of the old idealistic race—though he had little of its dreamy melancholy in his temperament,—and on no modern French pages which have become classical are there more frequent or more sympathetic allusions to idealism than on his. Nevertheless he did more than any writer of his day to hasten the decay of idealism in France. With the charm of his style, which lost none of its seductiveness as his hand grew old, he had an unbounded influence on the young generation. To them he left as a legacy the precept to amuse themselves: to work also, but not to let their pleasures be troubled with vain seekings after truth. Even as a hedonist, Renan could not divest himself of his prophet's mantle. So in this last testament, which sets up pleasure as the one ideal of human life, his conjectures on the future of science seem to forebode the coming of the mechanical age.

Before we proceed further it may be interesting to see, from one or two examples, how French philosophers have merited the criticisms of French men of action, such as Barboux, who complain that idealism is a mere system of formulae and syllogisms. It must be noted that the tendency of the French mind to formulate is not peculiar to idealists, though we will confine our examination to writers who may be classed as such.

This method was not only practised by French philosophical writers; it was recognised by the highest critics as essential to philosophy. One of Sainte-Beuve's early *Portraits Contemporains*, which, published in 1831, he afterwards signalised as an event in his literary life, was that of Ballanche, the mystical philosopher whose name was widely known seventy years ago when he entered the French Academy two years before Sainte-Beuve. The critic, describing the prodigious effect of the downfall of Napoleon on French thought, observed that Ballanche, who was born twelve years before the Revolution, "did not discover the formula of his philosophy" till 1814. This enigma, which his mind unconsciously had tried to solve during the restless course of the Empire, was revealed to him when the Restoration brought a calmer season to France. We need not discuss the philosophy of Ballanche. It may suffice to say that he attained such fame as was within the reach of speculative

philosophers under the Consulate, from his early work—notably from his essay: *Du sentiment considéré dans ses rapports avec la littérature et les arts* (1802) in which Chateaubriand is said to have found the title and some of the inspiration of *Le Génie du Christianisme*. It was not until he had "discovered the formula of his philosophy" that his idealism began to have influence. One of the immediate results of the discovered formula was his *Essai sur les Institutions Sociales*. This with his later writings had considerable influence on the idealism of the period which produced the doctrines of Fourier and Saint-Simon, whose respective work we shall notice later. What we have especially to note is that Sainte-Beuve, in one of the most important of his early critical essays, adopts, as a matter of course, the theory of the necessity for a philosophic writer to discover a formula as the basis of his history or his speculations.

Ballanche was one of the idealists whose writings helped to bring about the Revolution of 1848; though his mystical prophecies of a new social era were couched in a language less inspiring to the popular mind than the lyrics of Lamartine's *Girondins* which moved the leaders of the people to upset the Orleanist Monarchy. Ballanche died eight months before the Revolution of February, his life ending just as the career was beginning of a young pupil of the École Normale, Hippolyte

Taine, who was to carry on to our time the traditions and methods of French philosophy.

Taine is a favourable example to examine, as he was wont to reveal the formulae on which he worked. There seems to me little doubt that he may be considered an idealist, though that opinion is not unanimous. His intimate friend and disciple, Émile Boutmy, defending him from the charge of materialism, said "a more determined idealist never existed." Boutmy, though not a trustworthy authority when he wrote on subjects which he knew imperfectly—as we shall see presently—was familiar with the mind and writings of Taine. So when he classes his master as an idealist we may perhaps accept his classification without discussing the arguments of those who set down Taine as a naturalist or a materialist.[1] The French tendency to classify is cognate with their tendency to formulate. One of the difficulties of dealing with the present subject is, as has been noted, the arbitrary

[1] My own impression is that Taine was always instinctively an idealist, but that under the influence of his first masters in philosophy he formulated certain theories which led him into an opposite direction in his early works. Brunetière argues that Taine's first conception of criticism was to "la purger de toute intention morale, et de la ramener à l'histoire naturelle—la théorie de la race, du milieu et du moment." This conception he partially discarded in the work which occupied the last thirty years of his life: *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine.* Although Taine became the most formidable critic of the French Revolution and all its works, he did not, in repudiating the Revolution, become a clerical, as Brunetière did: nor was he ever reconciled to the Catholic Church, though Jacobin anticlericalism was very repugnant to him.

way in which writers and their works are sometimes classed by critics as idealist and sometimes put out of that category.[1]

Another friend of mine, who has died since this page was first written, Gabriel Monod, used to tell an anecdote of Taine which justifies his inclusion among the idealists. Monod on leaving the École Normale, before setting out to Italy on a journey of inquiry, called to consult Taine who was already one of the chief glories of that famous training college. Taine, without any preliminary, fired off spontaneously at the young student his method of investigation. "Take a seat, sir," he cried. "What ideas are you going to verify in Italy?" Monod never adopted that method. In his useful life as a teacher he always considered facts of higher importance than ideas. He was of the generation of Brunetière, which, as we have seen, was deeply influenced by the mental disci-

[1] Boutmy in the passage cited (*Taine: Scherer: Laboulaye*, p. 19), while arguing that Taine had none of the characteristics of a materialist, describes him as "sensualiste déclaré, par ses points de départ." To those not familiar with philosophic terminology, it may be explained that "sensualisme" is defined as "Doctrine dans laquelle on attribue, dans la génération des idées, tout à l'action des sens externes." Littré explains that the term is derived not from "sensuel," which means sensual, in the ordinary signification of the word, but from the Latin *sensualis*, for which I cannot find any classical authority. Littré quotes with approval Buckle (*History of Civilization*), who to avoid confusion would substitute the terms "sensationalist" and "sensationalism." But since Buckle's time these words have been adopted as popular neologisms signifying something quite different. This excursus into terminology is taking us into the confines of metaphysic beyond the limits of our survey.

pline of the positivist doctrine. Never was the intellectual history of two contemporary Frenchmen, brought up in the same school of thought, more dissimilar. Brunetière, the man of ideas, from an agnostic became a fervent Ultramontane. Monod, the man of facts, born in the Huguenot tradition, from an orthodox Protestant became a "liberal" of the Unitarian type. M. Perrot, the learned Hellenist, who was head of the École Normale, before that tranquil home of study was reformed out of existence, once took me to hear Gabriel Monod teaching a class of candidates for the professorial career how to give a lesson in history. His practical and lucid exposition of facts made me understand what his distinguished pupil M. André Beaunier meant when he described him as "The Master of Method"—than which no more laudatory title could be given by one Frenchman to another.

In a sketch, so entitled, of his old teacher, M. Beaunier, in relating the story of Monod's interview with Taine, said of the latter that the advice he gave to the young student to pack in his travelling-bag the ideas which invented in advance he wished to verify on his journey, was characteristic of the genius of the author of *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine.* From his youth Taine's method was to seek out a general idea, to formulate it and then to group harmoniously around it the results

of his subsequent researches. In a letter to Cornélius de Witt, written in 1853, when he was only twenty-five, on the eve of the publication of his *Essai sur Tite-Live* which first brought him into fame, he said: "The difficulty which I experience in an investigation is to discover a characteristic and dominant feature, from which everything can be geometrically deduced—in a word, what I need is to have the formula of my subject. It seems to me that that of Livy is the following: an orator who becomes an historian. All his faults, his qualities, his influence . . . may be traced to that."

This method does well enough when applied to the study of antiquity, as most of a student's ideas of the ancient world must necessarily be subjective. But when we come to the study of contemporary mankind, its movements and its institutions, the method is less safe. Taine nevertheless applied it to his study of modern societies. In 1860 he was in England preparing his *Notes sur l'Angleterre*, and he wrote to William Guizot, a kinsman of Cornélius de Witt: "I am now at Manchester, studying the working classes, and I may tell you that I have conceived the highest esteem for the information which one can gather from literature. The judgments to which it guided me when I was in Paris were in no respect erroneous. The sight of things has in no

wise controverted my forecasts formed in a library; but while this has confirmed and developed them I am persuaded that my general formulae remain entirely accurate. From this I conclude that the opinions which we are able to form on ancient Greece and Rome, on Italy, Spain and England of the Renaissance, are correct."

In an introduction to the English translation of Boutmy's *Psychologie du Peuple Anglais*[1] I took the liberty of criticising this last proposition, pointing out, in a long argument, that ancient Greece and Rome, Europe of the Renaissance and contemporary civilisation stand in three distinct categories, as regards the fidelity with which an historian can treat them. The method pursued by Taine in his youthful studies of England, was followed by Boutmy in his old age. Two of his opening chapters are entitled "The Ideal in itself" and "The Ideal in its applications"; and then he proceeds to elaborate the formula that the English mind is incapable of generalisation or of abstract speculation. From this he deduces a number of conclusions which have no relation to the truth —though Boutmy was a perfectly honest man. Great as was my regard for the author, the best I could say of his book was that it is a handbook

[1] "*The English People: A Study of their Political Psychology*, by Émile Boutmy, Member of the French Institute, with an Introduction by J. E. C. Bodley, corresponding Member of the French Institute (London, 1904)." The French edition appeared in 1901.

tending to explain why French and English have never been able completely to understand one another's ways of thought. My appreciation, whatever its value, at all events absolved Englishmen from the charge of being incapable of generalisation. It is, however, likely enough, for causes which we are about to examine, that in the future the mental standpoint of different nations will become by degrees identical.

It would be giving too much importance to Boutmy's work to say that it has contributed to the decay of idealism in France. It certainly is not an example of effective idealism; for the dominant idea of the book is the hopelessness of France and England ever attaining a mutually sympathetic understanding—the reason adduced being the defective mentality and reasoning faculty of the English which must ever make their character and actions repugnant to the French. This thesis was published in France in 1901, at a time when those of us who, in the last century, had worked steadfastly in the seemingly forlorn cause of Anglo-French amity were wondering if the dawn of our hopes' realisation would never come. Within two years of the publication of this book the foundation of a friendly understanding between the two nations was laid, as if to show that Boutmy's theories and reasonings were without influence and ill-timed. Indeed even though the

author had published his treatise at a period more favourable for Anglophobia, the propagation of this doctrine by a deservedly respected teacher might have failed, for the reason that he set it forth in a form which had gone out of fashion in France.

The young generation, brought up under the influences of the mechanical age, is impatient of philosophic formulae. The formulae which appeal to its practical intelligence are those of mathematics and science which can be applied to the construction and working of its mechanical inventions. Ballanche, who had seen the Revolution brought to birth by the application of idealistic formulae, might, after Napoleon had ceased from diverting the Revolution from philosophic ideals, find a new formula on which to base a philosophy capable of influencing men in the calmer days of the Restoration and of the Monarchy of July. Taine, while witnessing the vicissitudes of the Second Republic, the short-lived offspring of idealistic parentage, might engender formulae as the basis of his dissertations which were profoundly to affect the youth of the Second Empire, who were deeply imbued with idealism, especially in the domain of politics. But the five and fifty years between the fall of Napoleon I at Waterloo in 1815 and the fall of Napoleon III at Sedan in 1870 belong to a period materially, and therefore mentally, further

away from the twentieth century than was the First Empire from the seventeenth century—in spite of the French Revolution. The material conditions of life have so changed amid the later developments of the mechanical age, that the civilised human race has no time for the old deliberate methods of thought. To create an ideal of the psychology of a neighbouring people from literature or from inner-consciousness, and then to visit the country in question with the deliberate purpose of making personal observation corroborate the ready-prepared formulae or conclusions—this method, whatever its merits, could not long survive the development, which we have witnessed, of easy locomotion and swift communication.

I am one of those who share some of Boutmy's views as to the incompatibility which has existed between English and French temperament—without accepting his unsympathetic conclusions. I can even enter into a Frenchman's reasons for disliking an Englishman. But one result of the mechanical age is to eliminate national characteristic. This change is caused not solely by the swiftly increasing ease with which peoples can communicate and associate with one another. The dissemination of mechanical invention over the world is reducing to one level and standard the occupations, the habits, and the mentality of peoples of diverse race, tradition, and language. As the new products

of civilisation spread there will be little occupation left for the comparative student of nations. The fascination of a voyage of discovery which such an one as myself was able to make in France ten years before the end of the nineteenth century—though even then railways and other creations of the mechanical age had worked more horrid change in the land than the great Revolution—will belong to the domain of reminiscence. No joys of surprise will await the traveller of the future. Before this century grows old the Englishman who goes to France to study the people, the Frenchman who goes to Germany for a like purpose, and even the European in Japan, will experience impressions of contrast no stronger than those felt until recently by a Glasgow man in the Highlands, by a Neapolitan in Turin, or by a French Canadian of Quebec in the neighbouring states of New England. We shall all live by machinery—at least our successors will—and probably the only distinctive features which will distinguish mankind will be such as now differentiate an English chauffeur from a French chauffeur, or a German electrician from an American electrician.

The monotonous level thus produced among nations, relieved only by the surviving differences of language, will not be compensated by a reign of peace among civilised mankind. At the end of the last century I took the liberty of exposing the fallacy of the notion that wars would cease when peoples

came to know one another, pointing out that some of the fiercest modern wars had been waged by combatants intimately acquainted with each other—this being in harmony with the rule which governs the relations of private individuals, whose bitterest quarrels are often the result of mutual contact and familiarity.[1] Nothing has since occurred to rebut that proposition. Every year nations have increased their knowledge of one another and have also increased their armaments for the purpose of mutual destruction, until it seems as though the only insurance of peace lay in the dread of the annihilating horrors of scientific warfare. Such warfare must now be prepared and carried out with the aid of qualities not peculiar to the respective nations involved. The innate seamanship of the British and their iron tenacity on the battlefield, the *furia francese* which won a hundred fights for French infantry, the stolid discipline of the Germans which gave them victory in their last encounter, will be factors of minor importance in the decision of future wars. They will be waged between armies and fleets barely visible to one another, equipped with lethal inventions of the engineer and the chemist, the working of which, though needing a courage perhaps superior to that aroused by the clash of arms and red-handed contact with the foe, will call for no qualities essentially national. Such

[1] *France*, vol. i., Introduction, *sub fin.* 1st Ed. 1898.

will be the case of sailors caged in a submarine, which may have been built in a foreign dockyard; of gunners slaying men four miles away, with weapons copied from an enemy's model; of aviators scattering bombs and reconnoitring from flying-machines which have won international prizes.

Moreover, the force most likely to provoke future wars, to be waged with scientific implements of destruction, is an element which has become cosmopolitan in character under the influence of the mechanical age. The press, a hundred years ago, performed, in international affairs, the modest function of recording the ravages of the conflagration which, set alight by the French Revolution, had swept over Europe in the wake of Napoleon's armies. Even the inflammatory journals of the Revolution, which twenty years earlier incited their readers to violence and blooodshed, had no direct influence beyond the walls of Paris,[1] and had no power of provoking retorts from the press of other countries. It was not until the electric telegraph was invented that the press became an international power. To-day the journalist is not moved by the rancour which filled with gall the pen of Marat, or by the furies of Hébert's *Père Duchêne*. He is in

[1] Three weeks after the taking of the Bastille, Arthur Young, in a well-known passage, records that, at Moulins, a provincial capital of much greater relative importance then than now, about 190 miles from Paris, he might as well have asked for an elephant as for a newspaper to give him news of the progress of the Revolution.

all lands usually a peaceable citizen, who by his daily measure of prose earns a livelihood with the orderly regularity of a professional man or a public official. The telegraph and the telephone, putting him into hourly contact with all nations, have transformed the character of his work and its influence. A speech delivered or an article written in London or Paris or Berlin may be reported, translated and made the subject of provocative comment, in the newspapers of those and of twenty other great cities far distant from one another, within an hour or two of its utterance or publication.

The journalists, thus inspired by electric communication, who have greater power than monarchs or ministers in controlling the relations of countries, and who sometimes use that power as an instrument of strife, no longer represent national types of mentality. They are of a cosmopolitan model, which first was fashioned in the United States of America. The Oxford dons who, under Delane, wrote dissertations on exterior policy, which a few days later were pondered in all the diplomatic chanceries of Europe, are as extinct, as a class, as the sodality of the common-rooms where they ripened their impressive style. Gone too are the elegant essays on foreign affairs signed by John Lemoinne in the *Journal des Débats*. He entered the famous office of the Rue des Prêtres, Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, when Bertin ainé,

born in 1766, was master, and in the fifty-three years of his sojourn in that house he had more than that number of colleagues who, like himself, belonged to the French Academy — a company of far higher prestige in that brilliant period than now. The list of Academicians who were then contributors to the *Débats* included Chateaubriand, Cousin, Barante, Ampère, Littré, Silvestre de Sacy, Saint-Marc-Girardin, Cuvillier-Fleury, Jules Janin, Sainte-Beuve, Nisard, Prévost-Paradol, Léon Say, Renan, Taine — an illustrious band of writers of varied genius essentially French, none of whom disdained the name of journalist in those days when journalism attained its highest literary fame.[1]

The writers of a nation, for centuries supreme in literature, cannot cast off in a moment the high tradition of their calling, even under the duress of the mechanical age. So the reader may still find, even in French provincial prints of small account, specimens of delicate or eloquent prose which sometimes echo a faint sound of the idealism of the past. A few of the great Parisian journals, in spite

[1] In 1833, seven years before John Lemoinne entered the *Journal des Débats*, Chateaubriand, at the age of sixty-five, was prosecuted by the government of Louis Philippe. He was famous as a poet, a novelist, an historian; he had been a Peer of France, a Minister of State, Ambassador in London, Berlin and Rome; and this was how he described himself at the opening of the trial: "Accusé, votre nom?" "François Auguste, Vicomte de Chateaubriand." "Votre profession?" "Journaliste."

of the scrambling rivalry of the cheaper press, conserve the fine literary tradition, which grew up in the time when a newspaper became a product of machinery only after its contents reached the printing-chamber. Even from their pages a valuable and characteristic feature has been removed. The deliberate weekly chronicle, despatched by post to the newspapers of Paris from other capitals, gave a more vivid representation of events abroad than the hurried messages sent by telegraph and telephone from correspondents or cosmopolitan agencies, to journals which are to be distributed a few hours later. These periodical letters were also useful in conveying to the reader the French point of view of the current affairs of foreign countries. It was a lesson in the natural history of nations to study, for instance, the letter of a French correspondent in London commenting, with his instinctive idealism, the respect for tradition which then formed the background of English politics and society.

The new public of Paris cares for none of these things. Half composed of an international crowd which hustles over the asphalt where boulevardiers used to saunter, it has no time or taste for literary journalism. So the popular Parisian press, which gives its tone to that of the provinces, is not characteristically French in form or in matter. The "journal of information," as the French call it,

is of the type now familiar in all lands.[1] It is made up mainly of telegrams relating to sport, finance, politics, and crime, supplemented with photographs and with a hasty account of the last night's theatrical piece—in which is found touches of critical insight, to make readers regret the gradual disappearance of the disciples of Jules Janin and of Sarcey, with their leisurely chronicles of the Parisian stage, which upheld the high standard of that national institution. One essentially French feature still survives in the press—the *roman-feuilleton.* In the popular journals it is frequently an ancient romance which regaled the subjects of Louis Philippe or Napoleon III. Its choice is determined not by a desire to preserve a taste for the sound old literature of the prae-mechanical age, but by the commercial consideration that such time-honoured fiction is free from the taxes of copyright.

In contemplating these changes which are transforming the French press, the student of modern evolution has conspicuously before his eyes one of the chief influences destructive of national characteristic. With the progress of education, the proportion of civilised humanity able to read is growing yearly. The chief use which the large

[1] M. Robert de Flers, a distinguished critic who helps to maintain the high repute of the *Figaro*, has recently written of "Les mœurs d'une certaine presse, dont le besoin d'information à outrance et la brutale et cynique indiscrétion sont les traits les plus saillants." —*Figaro*, 19 Avril 1912.

majority of educated mankind, beyond the scholastic age, makes of that faculty is to read the newspaper. The only literature known to millions of men and women in all lands is the work of the stenographer and of the telegraphist. The exclusive perusal of that one class of literature, by increasing numbers of people in all civilised nations, is creating an international mentality devoid of distinctiveness, although its identical quality is disguised under different languages—which are the last defences of national particularity.

If we may look across the Rhine, without digressing too far from our subject, we can see that Germany is undergoing the same process as other countries, in the mechanical age. Its journals indeed have conserved an exterior mark of national characteristic, which sometimes deludes the foreigner —the ancient Gothic type in which they are printed. In Italy and in Spain, the traveller without profound knowledge of the languages of those countries can see at a glance that the journals have the main features of those of other continental nations. In Germany a slight familiarity with the archaic printing reveals that it is a thin disguise for the most advanced modernism in Europe ; just as Bismarck had his civilian garments made of an antique cut, unsymbolic of his transformation of the national organism. Though the Gothic characters of the newspapers of to-day seem to betoken a land of

mediæval survival, their contents, when deciphered, are found to be in keeping with the glaring new architecture which has stamped Berlin, and other German cities worthier of preservation, with the cosmopolitan pattern of commonplace splendour now prevalent in the streets of London, Paris, and Rome.

Nothing indeed is more indicative of the monotonous mould which the mechanical age is laying on nationalities than these outward signs visible in the great cities of the new Empire. At Berlin there are the gaudy pleasure resorts, some called by English names, some by French—the latter having no relation with that influence, artistic, intellectual, and political, which France exercised on Germany in the eighteenth century, of which Sans Souci was a monument. Strasburg bears the traces of the cosmopolitan contagion of the mechanical age in its big, strategic railway station, on the site of old Alsatian houses which were built before Turenne and Condé crossed the Vosges. So does Frankfort where avenues of American proportions have swept away the ancient Free-City, just sparing the birthplace of Goethe to recall the period of Germany's highest influence and greatness,—which waned after Bismarck was born in the year when a minor share in the laurels of Waterloo gave a new stimulus to Prussia to seek for bay-leaves not culled in academic groves.

Bismarck alone and his policy could not have changed the national mentality and characteristic of Germany. German unity might have been achieved, just as that of France was effected by Richelieu and by Louis XIV, without a transformation of the character of the people. Had the mechanical age not been in full development when Germany conquered France and founded the new Empire, Dusseldorf would be still associated with long-haired artists and not with a great industrial population: the banks of the Rhine by Bonn would be still unsoiled by factory chimneys: the approach to Heidelberg would not be a railway junction, as unlovely as any in Europe: the intellectual supremacy of Weimar might have survived the wane of the Grand Ducal Court, and Essen would assuredly not have outstripped it in national renown and importance. Almost every high hill in the Empire and the chief place in every town has now its statue of William I, always in military panoply, and often with an effigy of Bismarck at hand. These monuments, while they ignore the real causes of the transformation visible around them, betoken something that is true. They attest to the supersession of the abstract and the ideal by the practical and the concrete: to the exaltation of the iron and steel works of Essen over the University of Weimar: to the triumph of the mechanical age

over the power of pure intellect which was once Germany's particular domain in Europe. It has been said that the concrete and practical spirit of the German of to-day is well ordered because it is based on foundations of abstract knowledge, on clearly defined first principles, and that consequently a land which has produced a Kant or a Goethe can produce in a later generation a Bismarck.[1] If the subject of this essay were the decay of idealism in Germany I should like to discuss that thesis, beginning with the analogy of Switzerland and tracing the influence of Rousseau and Bonnet on the orderly methods of the Swiss hotel-keeper and on the place in European economy attained by the Swiss waiter.

Rousseau, in spite of his birth at Geneva, belongs more to France than to Switzerland—though his influence was not limited by frontiers. But his idealism, though cosmopolitan in its prevalence, had little in common with the new school of international idealism which we shall notice later as owing its diffusion to the denationalising results of the mechanical age. Probably no human being since antiquity, by the force of mere ideas, had so great an influence on mankind as had Rousseau. That was Taine's opinion, and well

[1] Lord Haldane, in an Introductory Note to *Germany in the Nineteenth Century:* published by the University of Manchester, 1912.

I remember the day that I heard it from his lips. I was a neighbour of the philosopher in the last summer of his life on the shores of the Lake of Annecy where he had his home. One day on the little lake steamer we were passing the spot where Jean-Jacques met the young damsels of Annecy on their way to the picnic in the cherry-orchard. Taine pointing out the road they took, between the wooded mountain slope and the water-side, remarked that it was under this blue sky of Savoy and amid these Alpine scenes of beauty that Rousseau had first nourished the ideas which helped to change the destiny of France and of Europe: "for all the last half of the eighteenth century belongs to him," he added.[1]

Even Brunetière, who, after his renunciation of the French Revolution, tried to persuade himself that the idealism which he loved was all on the anti-revolutionary side, even he had to acknowledge the preponderant influence of the ideas of Jean-Jacques on the Revolution and on the subsequent history of France. Other precursors of the Revolution he treats with disdain. For him the Encyclopædia was primarily a commercial enterprise. For him Beaumarchais, who hastened

[1] Cf. *L'Ancien Régime*, l. iv, c. 1: "Avec de telles armes on est bien puissant; Rousseau l'a été autant que Voltaire, et l'on peut dire que la seconde moitié du siècle lui appartient. . . . Habitant d'un monde idéal qu'il a bâti à l'inverse du monde réel, il se trouva à un point de vue nouveau."

the Revolution by his *Barbier de Séville* and *Mariage de Figaro*, which moved the bourgeoisie to hatred of the privileged classes, was a man of business rather than a man of letters[1]—though he allows the *Barbier de Séville* to be the masterpiece of eighteenth-century comedy. But he has to own the supremacy of Rousseau; he has to acknowledge the impression he produced on his contemporaries, who scarcely understood him, and on the next generation, which understood him only too well. For Brunetière was first an idealist, and then a reactionary. So he refrains from criticising even the style of the master-singer of idealism, whom Théophile Gautier called "the worst writer of the French language."[2] A more consistent conservative than Brunetière,—Melchior de Vogüé, who was also an idealist, as we shall see, wrote shortly before his death in 1910 that Jean-Jacques was of greater importance to the world than Napoleon, because of the influence of his ideas.

Brunetière's elaborate argument, to prove that most of the philosophic precursors of 1789 were hostile to idealism, is a marvel of ingeniosity.

[1] "C'est à peine un homme de lettres que Pierre Auguste Caron de Beaumarchais; c'est un homme d'affaires."—*Manuel de l'Histoire de la Littérature française*, L. ii. c. 3.

[2] *Journal des Goncourt*, 14 Sept. 1863. The observation was made to Mme Sand at Nohant and caused a discussion which lasted till one o'clock in the morning.

Whether one agrees with it or not, it is a remarkable testimony to the belief in the power of ideas held by Frenchmen up to the end of the nineteenth century. In his *Histoire de la Littérature française* the important chapter which covers the period from Montesquieu to the Revolution is entitled *La déformation de l'idéal classique.* It would take us too far from our subject to follow his ingenious story of the formation of the classical ideal in French literature, by the influence of the humanists of the Renaissance, who had brought back to life the lost feeling for antiquity. Without such a digression it would be impossible to discuss Brunetière's theory of the deformation of the classical ideal in the eighteenth century, among the causes of which he cites the influence of English thought on French philosophy and the still greater influence of scientific discovery. It seems to me that Brunetière tried to prove too much. It is the old story of the method which we saw employed by Taine and, with less success, by his pupil Boutmy—to seek out a general idea, to formulate it and then to elaborate a demonstration of the formula. Here the formula seems to be that the deformation of the classical ideal produced such literary and philosophic anarchy as to train men's minds for revolution. Even though the form of the classical ideal changed after the age of Louis XIV, Brunetière's suggestion that the precursors of the Revolution had evaded

classical influences is erroneous. For the men of the Revolution, in all its stages, were steeped in classicism. Indeed Brunetière himself, one day when we were together in the library of an old château, where the Encyclopædists used to meet, said to me in his epigrammatic way, which added a charm to his conversation: "It was Plutarch who made the French Revolution."[1]

Like many French idealists, Brunetière was rather capricious and arbitrary in his classifications, even in purely literary appreciations. In his analysis of the theatre of Dumas fils he classes among "realist" plays *Un Père Prodigue*, as being founded on the character of the author's father; *Le Fils Naturel* drawn from his own experience: and, what is less convincing, his earlier piece *La Dame aux Camélias*. For whether we see that play on the stage as it was written, or travestied in the book of Verdi's *Traviata*, it seems obvious that the character of the heroine, Marguérite Gautier, is a creation of youthful idealism—in spite of the play being founded on an "anecdote" relating to a Parisian celebrity of the reign of Louis-Philippe. Supposing these works are accurately classed as naturalistic, it is not clear why Brunetière should say that Dumas' later *pièces à thèse* mark his definitive passage from naturalism to idealism—such for example as *Francillon*, the last

[1] I have already dealt with the subject of the classical ideal in the French Revolution in *France*, Bk. iii. c. i4.

comedy he produced at the Français, which discusses the right of a wife to apply in her own person the *lex talionis* to the offence of a faithless husband. "La passion de la thèse" ought not to be confounded with idealism. Otherwise Dumas' *Affaire Clémenceau*, which was a realistic and effective pamphlet in favour of divorce, ought to be counted as an idealistic work; and by extension the work of every pamphleteer who wants his ideas to be put into practice may be so classified. One of the results of extreme idealism is that its professors look at everything too subjectively. Everything has to be judged and to be classed according to formulae and categories which they have conceived in their minds. This is seen in the treatment of political and social questions, as well as in their literary criticism. Brunetière and Boutmy were two idealists whose idealism led them to opposite conclusions in the Dreyfus affair. If some of Brunetière's literary judgments are doubtful, much more fallacious is Boutmy's estimate of the political psychology of the English people, obtained by a similar mental operation.

There are many who hold that the classical ideal, far from being overwhelmed by the philosophy of the eighteenth century, survived both the Revolution and the Napoleonic era, being displaced only by Romanticism at the end of the Restoration period. Even the Romantic movement, while it

transformed the French literary ideal, did not disturb the classical basis of French education, which remained for half a century after the battles provoked by Victor Hugo's Preface to *Cromwell* and the production of *Hernani*. Its foundations have now been undermined by the influence of the mechanical age upon public education. Here we have an important secondary cause of the decay of idealism in France, in the displacement of classical studies at the Lycées, and in the general system of higher education, by subjects which, in our time, are considered more practical. Gambetta, when he was proposing to France "an Athenian Republic" —an idealistic expression for a scheme, which appealed to his practical mind, of a Republic open to all the talents of the nation—was encouraged by a devoted collaborator and friend who was an enthusiastic idealist. This was Eugène Spuller, whose Germanic origin had endowed him with a temperament favourable for the cultivation of French idealism. He, when he wished to describe a political adversary with severity, used to say of him: "That is a man who has never read Sophocles."

One of the few surviving opponents of Gambetta and Spuller is M. Clemenceau, whom I have known since the days of my youth and can testify that, though he passes for a sceptic devoid of illusions, he is an idealist nurtured on the humanities.

After an absence of thirteen years from the Chamber of Deputies, he came back to the scene of his redoubtable successes in 1906, when he had accepted office for the first time in his life—he being then a Senator and French parliamentary usage permitting a minister to speak in either House. His first words at the Tribune revealed the humanist and the idealist. They were in reply to the idealistic oration of another fine classical scholar, M. Jaurès. But the idealism of Jaurès is collectivist, while that of Clemenceau is individualist. So the old master of debate, after a tribute to the noble passion of the socialist leader's "movement of idealism which was irresistible," exclaimed that Amphion with the strains of his lyre had been able only to raise the walls of Thebes; but this other charmer counted on his voice to perform a greater miracle; "he speaks and all the immemorial organisation of human society is to crumble away."[1] A few years hence and a joust between two idealists, seeking their rhetorical images in Horace or in Homer, will be as rare in the French parliament as classical allusions have been for many a day in the English House of Commons.

M. Clemenceau's cult for the classical ideal is

[1] Chambre des Députés: séance du 18 June 1906.
Cf. "Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis et prece blanda
Ducere quo vellet." HOR. *A. P.*, 394.

so well known that an eminent literary critic, M. Francis Chevassu, has described him as one of the few French writers or speakers, for whom the Romantic movement never existed. In 1907, a few months after he became Prime Minister, he unveiled a monument to one of his predecessors, M. Goblet, at Amiens. There he made a speech, steeped in Hellenism, on the moral force of the idea —such a political discourse as has not been heard in England since Mr. Gladstone left us, and the like of which will not be often heard in France again. To the Greeks he attributed that idea of the "patrie" which became the moving force of the French Revolution in its warlike phase.

An examination of the history of the word "patrie" confirms his suggestion that the idealism associated with it in the Revolution can be traced to the classical basis of French national literature. Corneille was the first to use it, in one of his later tragedies, *Oedipe*, and Voltaire traced the idea of the fatherland to Euripides. Its derivative "patriote" was at first merely a synonym of "compatriote" — until the Encyclopædists constructed the word "patriotisme," to connote "amour de la patrie." Hitherto that sentiment had been associated not with the native soil, but with loyalty to the Crown or to the person of the sovereign. For the kings had made France—by conquest, marriage

or heritage, in gradual process which had spread over eight hundred years.

Then came the Revolution: and when it was followed by the emigration of the nobles attached to the Court, when the King and Queen were believed to be plotting with the foreigner for the invasion of France, in order to prop up the discredited and tottering monarchy against the will of the people, a feeling arose entirely new to French hearts and intelligence. We must not exaggerate the influence of ideas on the French Revolution. It is obvious that all the doctrines of the philosophers would not have borne the Revolution beyond the walls of Paris and the great towns but for the unhappiness of the people throughout France, caused by the oppressive incidence of taxation. Yet in the first movements of the Revolution ideas played a mighty part, and it was the idea of the country in danger which carried the Revolution over the European continent. The operation of that idea brought about the first great check which was inflicted on the idealism of the French Revolution. The patriotic idea became confounded with the revolutionary idea. The patriots, whose first impulse had been to defend the national territory from the foreign invader, began to conceive a fatherland without frontiers. The ideas and doctrines of the Revolution were to be borne by the armies of France through Europe and a universal brother-

hood was to be imposed on all nations. But soon the revolutionary war, from an armed propaganda, degenerated into an ordinary war of conquest and aggrandisement and thus brought forth Napoleon. When he came back to France, to set in order the anarchy of the Directory, his first work was to eliminate from the government the ideologues, whose views on liberty did not accord with his. The First Consul perceived that the peasants and the working people cared nothing for the ideals of 1789 or 1792, when freed from fiscal oppression. So Napoleon had his own way, until the insatiable conqueror, getting the better of the reconstructor and wise administrator of France, laid upon the nation burdens harder to bear than those of the ancient monarchy.

When Brunetière received at the French Academy in 1895 Henry Houssaye, the historian of the last years of the Empire, it behoved him, as the apostle of ideas, to take to task Napoleon for having tried to hinder Frenchmen from thinking during his amazing reign. I remember the wrath of the Princesse Mathilde that day as we came out of the Palais Mazarin at hearing her uncle criticised. The old Princess was the most interesting historical figure in France, and no power on earth, not even that of Napoleon, would have prevented Jerome Bonaparte's daughter from thinking, for which she had a remarkable faculty; though she was as little an idealist as the First Consul himself.

During the Consulate and Empire a good many Frenchmen were thinking, even though they were not encouraged to express their thoughts. Philosophers, with the ambitions of statesmen, were meditating ideas of government all the years that Napoleon had dispensed with their services. With his fall and the restoration of the old monarchy on a constitutional model, what more natural than that they should idealise the British Constitution, which had been dear to the philosophic precursors of the Revolution, ever since Montesquieu brought home to France the results of his political studies in England.

When Louis Philippe obtained the throne of the legitimate kings of France, there was no limit to the joy of the men who idealised the British Constitution. They exulted in analogies detected between English and French history, which were superficially striking—a regicide, and a revolutionary dictatorship in each country, followed by a restoration of the kings by divine right, and a second revolution in favour of a younger royal branch. Not only did idealised examples from English history exercise influence on the government of France. Ideas drawn from British romance had a similar effect. In the last years of Scott, his novels so filled the French with ideas of romantic adventure that Chateaubriand relates in his *Mémoires d'outre-tombe*, that a royalist embarrassed by the

Duchesse de Berry's efforts to excite a rising in the Vendée in favour of her "child of miracle," the Comte de Chambord, exclaimed: "Messieurs, hang Walter Scott; for he is the real culprit!"

There never was a period in which materialism and idealism flourished so abundantly side by side as that of the Monarchy of July. While Guizot was exhorting the bourgeoisie to make themselves rich, Michelet was turning the history of France into a symbolical poem, and other idealist sons of the French Revolution were, out of their imagination, reading into the revolutionary doctrine the tenets of socialism, and discarding the individualism of the Declaration of the Rights of Man. In 1847 Lamartine published the literary result of his conversion to the ideas of the Revolution. In the history of letters no book ever produced consequences so formidable and so immediate as the *Girondins*. The people of Paris were so moved by it that their irritation against an unpopular government roused them into emulating the violent phases of the great Revolution, glorified by Lamartine; and the Middle-class Monarchy fell, overturned by a whirlwind of idealism.

The fall of the Orleanist dynasty cut short the pastime of those idealists who hoped that French history was going to be a perpetual repetition of the vicissitudes of the British Constitution. With the arrival of Louis Napoleon on the scene, first as

President of the Republic and then as Emperor, French idealism entered another phase. The dictator, whose protection had been invoked by the enriched middle-classes afraid of socialism, was an idealist himself. The chief form which the idealism of Napoleon III took was a dreamer's devotion to the principle of nationalities. His first essay in that direction—to promote the unity of Italy—was successful, and the campaign of 1859 brought both glory and territory to France. Unhappily the idea of a united Germany also attracted him, and he played so blindly the game of Prussian ambition that his ill-calculated idealism destroyed his dynasty and deprived France of two of her fairest provinces. His last Prime Minister, M. Émile Ollivier, has often told me how it was Napoleon III's idealism which attracted him—a republican of the opposition — to rally to the Emperor when he conceived his chimerical idea of founding a Liberal Empire. For Émile Ollivier, now in his eighty-eighth year, is himself an impenitent idealist after forty-two years of enforced leisure. Those years he has occupied in writing his valiant apology for the Liberal Empire, of which fifteen volumes have already appeared.

The memoirs of a French savant who helped Napoleon III to prepare his *Vie de César* show that the Emperor's idealism was not confined to his craze for the doctrine of nationalities or to his

essay in Liberal autocracy. It is curious to find in M. Alfred Maury's private correspondence of 1864, which only recently has seen the light, that Napoleon III handled other subjects with precisely the same method as that which we have seen was used by idealists, some of whom were persecuted by him and with whose systems he had not otherwise much acquaintance. M. Maury was a member of a Commission appointed to construct a map of ancient Gaul for the work of the Imperial amateur. In that capacity he spent some weeks at Vichy with the Emperor, whom, in a letter to a relative, he reproached with "seeking in history not the knowledge of facts, but the demonstration of a thesis"—which was exactly the propensity we have noticed of Taine. One thesis which he set out to prove—no doubt for the instruction of the Republican opposition—was that Cæsar, the prototype of himself, was the representative of the democracy. Another was that Catiline, with whom the opposition was more disposed to compare Louis Napoleon, was a misjudged person who incurred the obloquy with which governments are wont to blacken conspirators: this theme being probably for the benefit of the Orleanists whose government had exiled and imprisoned him for the conspiracies of Strasburg and Boulogne—with perhaps a reminiscence of the fact that Julius Cæsar had taken up the defence of Catiline.

The idealism which was prevalent in the nation under the Second Empire took a different direction. There is an old English word now obsolete, *ideality*, the French form of which, though not found in the Dictionary of the Academy, has been introduced into France as a neologism. It was used by a writer named Hayward in 1635, when Charles I and Richelieu were conceiving ideals of a State, with very different result, in the kingdoms they respectively governed. Hayward used the word *ideality* as connoting "any exquisite patterne for the well-governing of Commonwealths." It was this form which French idealism took under Napoleon III. As the Second Empire grew unpopular, the Republic became "the exquisite pattern for the well-governing of Commonwealths." The men of that time who thought themselves oppressed by imperial rule, had no experience or precedent whatever to justify their hopes.

The First Republic in France had begun with the blood-stained despotism of the Terror and ended amid the corrupt anarchy of the Directory. The Second Republic had become a dictatorship when it was a year old. The protectorate of Cromwell in England and the Italian oligarchies of the Renaissance were not the models the French republicans sought. They invented an ideal which they hoped would take tangible shape when the Empire had passed away. Francisque Sarcey,

whom some of us knew after his days of combat as the first dramatic critic in Europe, said of one of his allies of the opposition, in the heroic days of the Second Empire: "Republic was for him a word of magic sound, capable of elevating the moral sense and of healing all the ills of humanity." Those were the days when the republican youth, of whom survivors still remain to sigh over their disillusions,[1] used to import from Belgium contraband copies of *Les Châtiments*, enclosed in plaster busts of Napoleon III, whose head they broke to the accompaniment of Victor Hugo's stanzas. Thus did the young Republicans of the Second Empire grow up in the belief that they were to be "soldiers of the idea." This phrase was used in a death-bed letter of Eugène Sue, who, best remembered as the author of *Le Juif Errant*, was a keen republican journalist when that profession was a dangerous one in France.[2] He wrote this from exile to protest against the public funeral given by the Imperial government to his friend Béranger

[1] *e. g.* M. Lavisse, of the French Academy, who related this anecdote.

[2] *à Mme de Solms*, 31 *Juillet* 1857. Béranger's "ideas" were made the subject of a great controversy when he was buried on July 17th. The government "confiscated his corpse" and gave the "National Poet" official obsequies (as it had done in 1853 in the case of Arago the astronomer, who was also claimed by the opposition) for fear the funeral should become a republican demonstration. Piétri, the Préfet of Police, prohibited speeches at Père Lachaise; but this did not prevent the presence of Lamartine, Thiers, Mignet and other eminent persons, whose ideal of government was not the Empire.

whom he claimed as a fellow "soldier of the idea" whose Napoleonic ballads had, in his view, glorified not the Empire but the Revolution.

The Second Empire fell: and after a struggle in which the divided monarchical majority in the National Assembly threw away its strong advantages, the Republic—first proclaimed three days after Sedan—was firmly established in France. Then, in the Republic governed by Republicans, the idealists found that their ideal was further from them than ever. The primary reason why the political idealists of the Second Empire suffered disillusion was that they had dreamed of a form of government which has never existed outside the domain of fancy. That is why the establishment of the Republic has been a powerful cause of the decay of political idealism in France. For the first time since the idealists of the eighteenth century began to undermine the ancient monarchy, their successors have had no plausible substitute to propose for the existing regime. Under other governments set up since the end of the eighteenth century, the malcontents solaced themselves with the thought that one day a change for the better might be made; and though this idea made dynasties unstable, it checked the belief that no remedy was possible, and encouraged political idealism.

These delusions were not confined to utopian

dreamers or to romantics who were stirred by the lyrics, in prose or in verse, of Victor Hugo and of Michelet. Their ideal belief was shared by cool-headed men of business who had prospered under the Second Empire, whose calm common sense and knowledge of affairs gave them authority throughout Europe in the domain of economics and finance. Such was Léon Say, the grandson of the celebrated economist Jean Baptiste Say, who had opposed the arbitrary rule both of Napoleon and of the restored Bourbons. Though bred in an atmosphere of liberalism, Léon Say was no ardent youth when he entered politics in 1869. He was forty-three, a financier of high repute, and a railway director of long experience. He hailed with joy the essay of a Liberal Empire. Not that he had faith in Napoleon III; but he believed that this evolution towards liberalism would lead to that ideal government which was the dream of the opposition. In his later days he would tell the younger generation that no one, who was not a witness of the years before the Franco-German war, could have any idea of the depth and extent of the idealistic enthusiasm felt for the coming era —an era of liberty, of justice, of toleration. But Léon Say, being an economist, did not limit his vision to a reign of the abstract virtues in France. His idealism was practical in its outlook, yet so fanciful in its optimism, that he actually looked

forward to a regenerated France in which the public finances would be well administered, the incidence of taxation made lighter, the abuses of bureaucracy checked, and political jobbery suppressed. His financial and fiscal ideal in a State was that which England seemed to be approaching in the last years of Palmerston. He lived long enough to see that in no community is sound and honest finance a feature of democratic representative government.

In England "idealist" and "political economist" would, in the majority of cases, be contradictory terms. Even in France idealism might seem incompatible with that orthodox political economy of which Léon Say was the consistent exponent—though, as we shall see, certain unorthodox French economists of the last century were wild idealists. But Léon Say was also a man of wide literary cultivation, so he could not fail to be imbued with the idealism of his time. So cultured was his spirit that he was chosen by the French Academy in 1886, to fill the place recently left vacant by two eminent men of letters—Edmond About, whose novels are better remembered than his polemics, and Jules Sandeau, the playwright, whose work was purely literary. Léon Say had to pronounce the eulogy of them both, at his official reception, as About, who succeeded Sandeau, did not live to be officially received. His discourse

was a model of literary appreciation, making an Englishman wonder what John Stuart Mill would have found to say if he had been called upon to glorify the novels of Anthony Trollope, had he survived him and the plays of Bulwer-Lytton—though Mill, thanks to his long and frequent residence in France from an early age, was a man of much wider cultivation than any other English economist.[1]

It was in the salon of Madame Taine that I made Léon Say's acquaintance, and there his conversation was remarkable, even among the best talkers in France of the generation brought up in the creed that conversation was one of the first of the fine arts. That generation is departing and

[1] It would be easy to cite a dozen English political economists, any of whose names would be grotesque associated with the faculty of literary criticism. But I did not wish to force the note, so I purposely chose that of J. S. Mill, because he had a keener sense of literary appreciation than our political economists usually have. In his *Autobiography* there are some fine critical pages on the poetry of Wordsworth—"the poet of unpoetical natures" as he calls him; and he relates how in the debating society, which he founded at the age of nineteen, Roebuck and he discussed the comparative merits of Byron and Wordsworth. At the same time, it is certain that if in his later days the author of *The Principles of Political Economy* had been called upon to pronounce the formal eulogy of an English man of letters, somewhat of the type of Jules Sandeau or Edmond About, he would have been embarrassed in the performance of a task which Léon Say, with the inborn literary instinct of a Frenchman, performed with grace and facility. Bulwer of course had a philosophical side to his versatile talent which appealed to Mill, who wrote for his *England and the English* a notice of Bentham. The name of John Stuart Mill occurred to me in this connection, because in his boyhood he paid two long visits to the house of Jean Baptiste Say, where he met Saint-Simon.

conversation will soon be as dead as the *salon* in which it flourished. They were both national institutions of France which had survived revolutions and changes of regime. But they are succumbing to the mechanical age. In it no one will have time to cultivate the faculty to "bien écouter et bien répondre," which Larochefoucauld said was the perfection of conversation,[1] and the same causes which are sweeping that accomplishment out of French social life are among the most potent to prevent any revival of idealism in France. For an idealist in a hurry is as ineffective a force as a steam-engine in repose.

The biographer of Léon Say, in describing the disillusion of the idealists of the Second Empire when their ideals were not realised under the Republic, quoted a saying of another Liberal of the same type—a financier and a member of the Académie des Beaux Arts. M. Aynard, the deputy for Lyons, is the last survivor in Parliament of the old Left Centre, of which Léon Say was the incarnation. Younger than his leader, he is old enough to have shared the generous aspirations which animated the youth of France before the war, and he said regretfully of the new generation: "son idéal est l'indifférence dans le confortable."[2] The

[1] *Maximes*, 139.

[2] *Léon Say: sa vie, ses œuvres*, par Georges Michel, c. ii. Charles Nodier, in his *Examen critique des Dictionnaires*, said: "Confortable est un anglicisme très nécessaire à notre langue."

aphorism is not easy to put into terse English, although its essential word is taken from our language. That word does not here signify the comfortable circumstances of modern existence which conduce to indolent indifference. The youth of France has never been more physically energetic than it is to-day. The phrase means that the tendency of modern life is to divert the activity of the young generation from intellectual and abstract aims, to material pursuits which have for their end the promotion of human well-being, or what is considered as well-being by those who hail with satisfaction the progress of civilisation. In this way the youth of France has become indifferent to the ideals of previous generations.

The disappointment suffered by the idealists of the last century when the Republic shattered their dreams would in any case have dealt a mortal blow to political idealism of the kind which flourished under the Second Empire. There is another change to be noted in French national temperament since the war with Prussia. The defeat and mutilation of France and Germany left an indelible mark on the generation reared amid poignant memories of humiliation. The result has been that the new generation grew up with its hereditary buoyancy and amenity of character overshadowed

by a cloud of pessimism. The nation's *injuriæ impunitæ atque inultæ* deprived it of that optimism which is an essential element of idealism.

These two causes could not fail to inflict a severe check on French idealism. Yet it might have been only temporary if another cause had not arisen which is completely changing the temperament and the mentality of the French, as it is changing the national qualities of other peoples. This is the influence, which we have already noticed, of the mechanical age. The effect upon the French of the German triumph and of the Republican disillusion might have passed away. The effect of the progress of civilisation, notably in improving facilities of communication, is bound to be permanent. The change had begun to be manifest even before the war. In the succeeding years the wide extension of the railways transformed the habits and the ways of thinking of a large proportion of the French people. In the provinces, nearly three generations of the inhabitants after the Revolution had remained subject to a mental and material conservatism which had departed much earlier from England. To-day, under the influence of the rapid and unprecedented development of the mechanical age, the French democracy is the issue, not of 1789, but of the scientific and industrial movement which began half a century later. The more recent invention and multiplicity of new

mechanical means of locomotion and communication are transforming the mentality of all classes to an extent of which the limits cannot be discerned.

This we recognised, in our brief glance beyond the French frontiers, to be as true of other civilised nations as of France. The mechanical age which took rise about the time that Queen Victoria mounted the British throne, has gradually been re-casting the habits, the capabilities, the resources of mankind, till at last it is changing human nature itself. In the twentieth century the current has become so swift that we cannot tell whither it is carrying us. One apparent result is that the conditions of life in civilised countries are becoming so uniform that national characteristics seem likely to be effaced.

In the dawn of the railway era, the early Victorian Englishman and the French subject of Louis-Philippe, were in some features of their mentality as inhabitants of different planets, in spite of the agreeable intercourse of English with French society, and of the reciprocal influence of the literatures of the two countries. The young generations in England and in France are now tending to be identical in the character of their pursuits and in their outlook on life. The young Frenchman who plays the British games of football and golf, who races from Paris to Rome in his French automobile, or flies from Paris to London in his French aeroplane, is a human being of the

same type, of the same sartorial pattern, of the same aspirations as the young Englishman of similar tastes and occupation. Their respective methods of playing a game or of manipulating a machine may betray some difference in their hereditary temperament—just as a Frenchman may be known by his gesticulations and an Englishman by his immobility in using a telephone. Their difficulty in speaking one another's language is a superficial sign of surviving distinctiveness: but their success in inventing for their mutual intercourse a *lingua franca* composed of sportive or mechanical terms, taken from two or even three languages, shows that the progress of civilisation is producing a new international and cosmopolitan race.

If by heredity the young French athlete, sportsman, or mechanic has an idealising turn of mind, his ideals are neither political nor literary, though he is a member of the nation whose politics and literature changed the destinies of Europe before the mechanical age began. The literary and artistic instinct is so ingrained in the French nature that all functions of human life will be organised by machinery before France ceases to produce men of letters and artists—the terms being often identical in that country. At the same time, signs are not wanting of the wane of the literary spirit, which not only survived but seemed to gain

strength from each new national convulsion. One such sign is the disappearance or transformation of the provincial bookseller's shop. Within my memory of France it was the meeting-place of the notables of the cathedral city or prefecture. The foreign traveller, if familiar with the French language, would gain more knowledge of provincial life by spending an hour in turning over the volumes on the counter than in a month's study of topical books. He also obtained a vivid glimpse of the literary basis of French national life, which was one of the causes and preservatives of idealism in France. For thither came, forgetting political and religious differences, the professor from the Lycée, and the curé, the doctor and the functionary, to an informal conference presided over by the bookseller, often a fine modest type of Latin civilisation and culture; and there they discussed the contents of the books as a text for dissertations on local sociology. At the end of the last century the bookshops became rarer in country towns, or the yellow and the grey paper covers in the windows were encumbered by objects alien to literature. It was always the same story. Nobody bought books, and either the shop had to be closed or the declining commerce revived by illegitimate traffic. A dozen provincial towns may perhaps be named where still the bibliopole reigns. But in a hundred others the most conspicuous literary

stock of the *librairie* is the journal, the motoring-map and the aviator's manual; while even they lie half concealed behind the Rugby football or the tennis-racket never to be used in the *jeu de paume* of France.[1]

"A conception of something in its highest perfection as an object to be realised or aimed at," is a definition of "ideal" found in the dictionaries. Under that general definition, footballers and golfers, aviators and motorists, may all be classed as idealists if they set before them a standard of perfection which they propose to realise in their deeds of activity or invention. Such an extensive definition would include the whole of

[1] Paris too has lost its last bookshop which was the meeting-place of well-known Parisians. My old friend Achille Heymann has closed his "Librairie Achille" at the corner of the rue Laffitte and the boulevard. I first knew Achille before I was old enough to appreciate what he represented. He was then at the Librairie Nouvelle : "À la maison Calmann-Lévy, où le savant Achille trône" in the words of a ballad of the boulevards. There he had been since he came from Alsace under the Second Empire,—he was said to be the grandson of the Rabbin in Erckmann-Chatrian's *L'Ami Fritz*. The shop was frequented by a brilliant *clientèle*—Gautier, Flaubert, Renan, Jules Verne, Aurélien Scholl, Meilhac, Halévy. Then in 1888 he set up for himself on the other side of the boulevard and all the survivors of his friends followed him. He attracted to his own shop all that remained of the glories of the other, and twenty years ago any day one might meet there academicians and ministers, duchesses and actresses of the Français, who had come to be advised on their reading. But there was no young generation to take the place of the old. So the last of the famous literary bookshops has not long survived its next neighbour, the historical restaurant of the Maison d'Or. The cosmopolitan rabble has driven from the boulevards two of the most inspiring elements of idealism, fine literature and *la fine cuisine*.

mankind in the category of idealists. For every human being, however slightly raised above the animal creation, has within him some instinct of emulation or ambition, from the tramp of Western Europe, whose ideal is complete abstention from productive industry, to the head-hunter of Borneo, whose more arduous standard of perfection is akin to that of the athlete or sportsman of civilisation. We must therefore take care not to confuse with the idealism of the past, the modern development of sport and mechanical invention in France, which has been a strong element in the recent revival of French patriotism. That outburst of patriotism, which was stimulated by the fine feats of French flying-men, seems, indeed, to be a proof that the practical enterprise of the mechanical age is taking the place of abstract idealism, as a patriotic influence.

M. Victor Margueritte, both as a son of the brave general slain at Sedan, and as a writer on social and military questions, is a competent authority on this subject. He says, without any qualification, that the three great movements which have profoundly modified the soul and the body of France are those produced by mechanical inventions of the bicycle, the motor-car, and the aeroplane. The rubber-tyred wheel of the velocipede made the automobile possible, and from the motor of that machine came the motor of the

aeroplane, to enable man to fly over frontiers of mountain and of sea. To these mechanical inventions he ascribes the alleged renaissance of the French race, which has become the subject of a hundred essays and pamphlets.[1] He therefore glorifies the love of athletic sports which, imported from England, trained the young generation in the agility and endurance necessary for plying the machines which have conquered space. For the son of the hero of the forlorn charge, near the Calvary of Illy, sees in this quickening zeal for energy the prospect of revenge for 1870.

Some of the writers of the copious literature which has accompanied this so-called re-birth of France, treat the revival of military pride, with its attitude of resistance to Germany, as though it were a movement of idealism. If that were so, the Napoleonic epoch would have been the high season of idealism instead of the period of its deepest depression. Only for a moment, in the first days of the Revolutionary War, when the soldiers of the Republic armed the frontier to

[1] "Le Paris et la France de la bicyclette, de l'automobile et de l'aeroplane! grands mouvements qui ont modifié profondement chez nous l'âme et le corps. . . . C'est pourtant vrai que de là est venu tout le miracle! c'est de la petite roue caoutchoutée de la bécane qu'est né le merveilleux moteur de l'auto, et c'est de celui-ci qu'avec le monoplan et le biplan s'est envolé, au dessus de la mer et des monts et au delà des frontières l'essaim des beaux oiseaux humains. La renaissance de la race date du jour où la route s'est ouverte aux cycles d'acier."—*Le gout de l'Energie*, par Victor Margueritte, 1912.

defend "the fatherland in danger," and crossed it to impose the doctrine of the Revolution on other nations—only then was the impulse for military glory an idealistic movement in France. The awakening of the nation to a desire to avenge Sedan may be a sight to gladden the eyes of the friends of France: but that revival of creditable ambition is no more an idealistic movement than was the threatening of the French colonels in 1858 to avenge Waterloo—when those bold warriors represented the materialised aspirations of the prosperous Second Empire, and not those of the idealistic minority.

Certain French writers seem to have gone too far in ascribing the new revival of martial patriotism to the influence of athleticism imported from England. In the past France did not need the importation of British sports to be supreme in arms on the European continent; nor was patriotic valour unknown in the land before the days of enthusiasm for British games. There is not one single warlike achievement in all the annals of the French army which can be attributed, directly or indirectly, to such alien influences. It may be that in the future, when Alsace and Lorraine have been reunited to France, some Anglomaniac may declare that the new battle of Sedan was won on French football-grounds copied from the Close at Rugby; and the statement will have

even less relation to the truth than that imputed to Wellington about Waterloo and the Playing Fields of Eton.

In this connection may we not utter a lament at the disappearance of French national characteristics under the pressure of the mechanical age? Of all the nations in the world the French is that in which the decline of native genius is most disastrous to civilisation—in the sense of that word as it was used from the Renaissance to the Franco-German war. The French genius, as expressed in fine-art, in literature and in the comprehension of the science of living, was unique and was indispensable to the rest of the world as an object of admiration. The amenity of the French character, the grace of French manners, the literary and artistic instinct of the people survived the abuses of the old Monarchy, the horrors of the Revolution, the carnage of Napoleon's wars. The mechanical age is obliterating those national features and the world is poorer for the loss of them. The football-playing French youth may be a healthier animal than was his father, who took his schoolboy exercise in the dismal playground of a Lycée, or in half-holiday processions. The father may preserve a slimmer figure by spending his leisure on the golf-links instead of in talk at a café or in a salon, or during a gentle promenade. But the price paid for those advantages is excessive. We have noted that the French are losing the art

of conversation,—their supreme faculty of expressing ideas in colloquial intercourse. The young generation does not learn how to talk. With its mania for English games and other violent exercise, it wastes too much of its power of speech in that limited domain which in England is known as "sporting shop"; and this is articulated not in the goodly language of France, flexible as it is for all purposes, but in a cosmopolitan jargon. To hasten the decay of conversation the French have adopted the resources of duller nations for killing time. In Parisian houses and in rural châteaux, the bridge-tables set up in salons, which have been the scene of many a brilliant colloquy, are sad signs of the descent of the wittiest society in the world to the level of the stolid Anglo-Saxon. Even in England the unsociable tyranny of the modern card-table is to be regretted—but infinitely less than in France. For we have never been adepts in conversation; not even in the days of the intellectual breakfast, when fluent prosers poured forth monologues to one another in the chill light of a London morning. But the extinction of the art of conversation in France, by whatever cause, will be the withdrawal from the world of one of the divinest gifts bestowed on members of the human race.

The French with their skill in their own bodily exercises, their mastery of the sword and the rapier, their intrepid horsemanship, their keenness for the

chase, had no need to import English sports to train their manly vigour for the use of mechanical inventions. Any effacement of French national characteristics owing to English influence is only a trifling incident in that great change which is in progress by reason of the development of the mechanical age; and no nation has of late years contributed more to that development than the French, whose inventors have rivalled all others in the success of their bold experiments. Those inventors, their agents who engineer their machines, the experts who write about them, and the increasing multitudes which follow with intense interest each step in their development, are all being ingrained with a special mentality which is new to all nations and which has already become common to many. The unconscious adoption of that mentality by the young generation of a quick-witted logical people, must have a prodigious effect on the progress of civilisation and on the evolution of the human race. The French way of thinking seems likely to be transformed. A people subject to mechanical influences will have no time for composing the deliberate formulæ, syllogisms and classifications which were the basis of French thought and out of which were evolved ideals, the attempted realisation whereof sometimes altered the history of the world. The only formulæ which the new generation will invent or consider will be,

as we have remarked, mathematical or scientific formulæ to regulate the action of their machines and their rapid passage through space.

The practical and businesslike spirit, impatient of formulæ, which now pervades the French people, is not the creation of the twentieth century. The railway, the telegraph and other earlier products of the mechanical age had been doing their work on unconscious minds before the sudden and unprecedented development of recent years. The ground was well prepared for the growth of the new mentality. How far that preparation had gone on was made clear to me in studying the debates in the two Chambers on the Separation of the Churches from the State, in the session of 1905. During a long convalescence I read every word of them in the *Journal Officiel*, which for the price of a *sou* supplies the earnest politician in France with a verbatim report of every speech uttered in Parliament by every Senator and Deputy, eloquent or obscure. A dozen or fifteen years before I had been an assiduous frequenter of French Parliamentary debates—especially at the Luxembourg where the oratory of the aged Senators attracted me. Some of these elders had been born under the First Empire and were old enough to have known survivors of the Revolution. What was striking in their speeches was not the mere historical interest of their reminiscences, but the

idealistic vein which ran through them. Witnesses of every vicissitude of the century since the fall of Napoleon, these old men mostly belonged to that category of citizens whom we have noted as having suffered disillusion when the Third Republic failed to fulfil their ideals. Yet they could not lay aside their old habits of thought; and devotion to ideas was manifest in every period of their oratory.

In 1905 the speakers on the Separation Bill were not of the young generation. With the exception of M. Briand, who was not elected to the Chamber till he was forty, most of them were already in Parliament when the old Senators were letting fall the last accents of political idealism. But no echo of it was heard in the debates on disestablishment. Yet the subject of the relations of the State with the Church was one which, in any previous generation since the signing of the Concordat, could not have been debated in a French assembly without a profusion of idealistic imagery. What had become of Montalembert's formula of "A Free Church in a Free State" which had roused a hundred discussions in former legislatures? It was seemingly dead and buried with all the forgotten idealisms of the nineteenth century. Here and there a rare speaker, such as M. Clemenceau, let drop a phrase which suggested that both defenders and adversaries of the Church might be striving after an ideal. But such re-

minders of the past were not easy to find in the wilderness of printed columns which represented countless hours of unimaginative prose. The favourite topic was the financial aspect of the Bill, and in defence or attack little appeal was made to abstract principles. The spoliation of the clergy, the cost of the pensions proposed for them, the question of the ownership of the fabric, whether devolving on State, Department, or Commune, the prospect of local taxation being relieved by disendowment (a prospect which, needless to say, has not been realised)—all these points were discussed with ardour by clericals and anti-clericals, opportunists and socialists. Yet nobody ever thought of making an idealistic speech on either side—such as would have been repeated a score of times in the free parliament of Louis Philippe and also in the fettered Corps Législatif of Napoleon III.

It would be easy to multiply proofs of the decay of idealism in France which have come under my own notice. For example, four or five years later I went to Périgueux to hear M. Briand, the author of the Separation Act, make his first speech as Prime Minister of the Republic. The capital of the Dordogne is famed for its once noble Byzantine cathedral which was restored out of existence under the Second Empire, showing that architects are as destructive of tradition under a monarchy as under a Republic—as we know too well in England—

and are as disdainful of ideals which are not the creation of their own vanity. M. Briand's speech was an eloquent, though not original, exposition of the ideals of a democratic government constituted on the tolerant lines of Gambetta's "Athenian Republic." I was staying at Bergerac, the legendary birthplace of Cyrano, who never was there except in the imagination of an idealist poet—so a genuine son of that town assured me, M. Mounet Sully, the doyen of the Théâtre Français which is the last repository of the French classical ideal. I travelled back from Périgueux with the mayor and other magnates of Bergerac. This seemed a fine opportunity for hearing the comments of intelligent provincial citizens on the ideals lifted up before them by the Prime Minister. Except my own observations, not a word was uttered during that agreeable journey, about M. Briand and his ideals. For the President of the Council had been silent on the one question which interested Acquitaine. The vine-growers of the Dordogne wanted the minister to say that their wines might be classed with those of the Gironde as *vins de Bordeaux*, and M. Briand's fine political ideals left them completely indifferent. So on our way the unrestrained talk was about the vintage, the prunes, the truffles of that autumn: of the chase of the wild boar in the coming winter and of the survival of the wolf in the forests of Périgord—with never an allusion to

the Athenian Republic of M. Briand's borrowed dreams.

Though satisfied myself of the decay of French idealism, I knew that many people in France would be unwilling to accept the suggestion that an element which has formed a large basis of French thought and action, has vanished from their national character. So it seemed to me to be prudent to submit my conclusions to some of my friends and correspondents who occupy good places of observation in France. The question which I posed was somewhat to this effect: "Are there any idealists left in France of the relatively young generation, who by the force of their conceptions are influencing the conduct and aspirations of the nation?"

One of my friends thus consulted was Madame Duclaux (Mary Robinson) who, though not a daughter of France, is a French subject, and the only Englishwoman of her time who has succeeded in modulating her vision to the French point of view. Madame Duclaux is the author of an attractive English book, published in 1911, called *The French Ideal*, in which she traces the idealistic traditions of France from a hundred years before Rousseau began to write. The lives of Pascal, Fénelon, Buffon, and Lamartine, which she commemorates, practically overlap one another, and fill

the space which extends from the confines of the Renaissance, when the classical formation of the French language began, to the eve of the Franco-German war, when Lamartine died. Beyond his lifetime the author does not go, perhaps unconsciously recognising that the survivors of the idealist school whom she has known were the last of their race.

Nevertheless Madame Duclaux gave me the names of M. Bergson, M. Romain Rolland, M. François de Curel and M. Maurice Barrès, as idealists of the present day, whose idealism is not without influence on French life and action.

The first of these names was mentioned at the outset of this essay. M. Bergson's interesting work is so well known in England that it is needless for me to show that if he is an idealist, his idealism is of that metaphysical kind of which there is no question in these pages. M. Bergson's philosophy moreover is not essentially French. It stands in the same category with that of Professor Rudolf Eucken of Jena and of philosophers of other lands, including Great Britain and the United States.

As to M. Romain Rolland, no doubt idealism is to be found in his epic romance, *Jean Christophe*, which fills fourteen volumes—but only as one of a multitude of elements, such as mysticism, symbolism, and psychology. In a French story of such colossal dimensions it would be surprising if some strains of

idealism were not found. M. Rolland's fine work has been described as a cycle of poems consecrated to energy, he being classed among those apostles of action whose influence has a tendency opposed to that of idealism. Indeed he seems to teach that ideology is nothing worth compared with energy —a quality which is essential to all who would essay to read his remarkable book.

With the admirable "theatre" of M. François de Curel I am very familiar. In studying it, in the library and on the stage, it did not occur to me that it was idealistic. M. de Curel is beset with "la passion de la thèse," which as we saw in discussing the alleged idealism of Dumas fils has a certain relation with that quality. His *Repas du Lion* (1897), describing the revolution caused in a country-side by the discovery of coal on a rural estate, shows that the ideal of capitalists and socialists alike is to climb to the top of the human scale on the heads of their fellow-creatures. His *Nouvelle Idole* (1899) is the story of a doctor whose scientific idealism leads him to inoculate with an incurable disease a patient whom he believes, erroneously, to be dying of another disorder. His *Fille Sauvage* (1902), an audacious piece of realism, is another scathing satire on idealism—the story of a Parisian who "lives in company with three or four ideas, directing their development" and of a young savage whom he brings from Africa, educates in a French

convent, and lets her return to apply, with brutal cynicism, her civilised ideas in her native land. The *Coup d'Aile* (1906) contains a tribute to the power of the flag on a deserter who had insulted the colours and killed his colonel; but as a lesson in idealism it is inconclusive. There are many references to idealism in the work of M. de Curel, just as in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* there are many references to the Gospels. But I would not apply the epithet of "idealist" to M. de Curel, or that of "evangelical" to Voltaire.

M. Maurice Barrès, of the four writers cited, has exercised the greatest influence on his countrymen, and especially on the younger generation. In my view he is, in his most characteristic works, a traditionalist rather than an idealist, whether he is advocating a return to regionalism in provincial France, or celebrating the Napoleonic legend. M. Barrès' intense and communicative patriotism may be founded on an idealistic basis, and its eloquent expression often takes an idealistic form. But his dominant aspiration seems to be to revive the tradition of Napoleon, who held that there was no place for ideologues in his domain, whether Consular Republic or Empire.

It would be easy to cite other contemporary authors whose work contains an element of idealism. In a nation, where for many generations idealism has found literary expression in the works of

every school of thought, it is as impossible for writers to divest themselves of the idealising habit as to forget the classical form of their language, which is older even than French idealism and which illustrates sometimes the hurried prose of a provincial journalist, not less than the deliberate discourse of an Academician. When one says that idealism is dead or dying in France, it is not meant that idealistic sentiment has departed from French literature. What has disappeared is that frequent conception of something to be realised in high perfection, which was the unswerving aim of French thinkers and leaders of thought. Often the realisation of the aim fell far short of the standard of perfection proposed: often the lofty aspiration, before it reached fruition, turned to something material or otherwise led to disillusion: often the life of the teacher was in disaccord with the ideals which he held up. Yet the constant habit of representing things in an ideal form, impossible in the haste and tumult of the mechanical age, produced that practical idealism (if the epithet be not a paradox) which led to the Revolution in the eighteenth century, and, in the nineteenth, to the development of the doctrine of nationalities—one of the preliminary causes, as we have seen, of the French defeat in 1870.

The idealism of the French philosophers of the eighteenth century had an influence not easy to

picture in the mechanical age. Before it touched the people it captivated the monarchs of Europe, who in those days still ruled their kingdoms. Among the few impervious to philosophy were the Kings of England, whose tastes were Bœotian, and the Kings of France, who would have done better to give heed to the movement of ideas going forth from their realm.

The young King of Denmark, Christian VII (whose wife of tragic memory was sister of our George III), one summer's day in 1768 drove up the steep plateau of Langres, whence a fifth of France is visible, to pay his respects to an old cutler in the little city, the father of Denis Diderot. He came, conducted by Grimm, on a pilgrimage, he said, to the Nazareth of philosophic ideas. Already the Grand Duke of Tuscany was teaching them to his unprepared subjects, by abolishing the penalty of death. Another prince of the house of Lorraine, Joseph II, who had succeeded his father as Emperor of Germany, was, in opposition to his mother Maria Theresa, the effective Empress, carrying on what in our day would be called an anti-clerical campaign under the influence of French ideas. In Portugal another Joseph was suppressing the Inquisition and expelling the Jesuits. Their order was soon to be abolished by Ganganelli, who was about to mount the Papal throne as Clement XIV. That tolerant Pope was a correspondent

of Voltaire. There were also minor princes of Germany who were prouder of a letter from Ferney than of their sovereign privileges, and who came to Paris, to be lectured on the new ideas, by Diderot or d'Alembert, as a sort of investiture in the art of government. They followed the example of Frederick the Great who had filled his palaces with French philosophers, charged with the duty of expounding to him their subversive ideas, precursors of the French Revolution,—which, when carried over Europe by an enemy of ideologues and a greater captain than Frederick, reduced for a time the kingdom of Prussia to the insignificance of the electorate of Brandenburg. Even the great Catherine came under the spell of French ideas. Following the King of Prussia she invited the Encyclopædists and other philosophers to her court. Diderot accepted the invitation and lectured the autocrat with considerable licence. Voltaire had established his own court at Ferney. So thither the Empress sent a special embassy from Russia, conveying to Voltaire, with the usual diplomatic presents of sovereigns, her certificate of vaccination, which was held to be an unequivocal adherence to the progressive ideas of French philosophy, and a bold manifesto against the unphilosophic court of France.

Exercising such influence in its early days, over peoples and rulers alike, beyond its native

boundaries, it is not wonderful that French idealism should have been regarded as an undying institution, fated to testify perpetually to the supremacy of France in the domain of thought. It held a place in the abstract imagination of the French similar to that occupied in the more positive English mind by the parliamentary system. So while British politicians like not to hear that the mother of parliaments is stricken with mortal distemper, Frenchmen of philosophic bent, more disinterestedly, are disposed to maintain that there is yet life in their national idealism, which has influenced modern civilisation not less than has the example of English representative institutions.

None of my other correspondents gave me any names of writers who, in their opinion, were carrying on the tradition of effective idealism in France. One high authority to whom my theory was submitted was M. de Foville, the eminent Perpetual Secretary of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. If idealism lingers in France it should be found among the philosophers of that company, which was dissolved by the First Consul in 1803, because it was the stronghold of the ideologues whom he detested. Some of their successors, who in their distant youth knew the generation which had seen men of the Revolution, have remained idealists at heart, in spite of the

disillusions of their latter days. Such an one was Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, who at the age of seventy was nearing the end of his virtuous life when this correspondence took place. He was a worthy and picturesque successor of the ideologues expelled from the Institute by Bonaparte. It is possible that some would hesitate to class him as an idealist, because his mind had a double character of idealism and realism, of positivist science and of poetical mysticism. But there was a distinct idea to which he devoted his fine and ardent talent—the idea of toleration. M. de Foville did not quote him or any other member of the Institute to prove that active, practical idealism was still at work in France. Without giving any names he said that idealism may be found in France among an important sect, of which the doctrines are not in favour at the Palais Mazarin—his opinion being that some of the modern French socialists showed themselves, in their altruism, to be true idealists. That is an opinion worthy of close attention. For M. de Foville is no sentimental spectator of social or political movements—though, as we saw in the case of Léon Say, a French economist may be a man of wide literary culture and sympathy. He is a master of statistics and of economic science, the author of fifty works on those severe subjects, who with M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu has helped to keep France foremost among nations in the study and

exposition of political economy—and the administration of the Republic would have been more prosperous if greater heed had been given to their wise conclusions.

M. de Foville's testimony may therefore be accepted, without the citation of names, as proof of the existence of French socialists inspired with disinterested ideals which they are striving to put effectively into practice. The comment which, with great respect, I should venture to make is that the idealism of French socialists is an international idealism, somewhat analogous, in this respect, to the Christian idealisms mentioned earlier in this essay, which seemed to be beyond the scope of our survey because they are not essentially French. The ancestors of socialism as it is professed in France in the twentieth century are not Saint-Simon and Fourier, but two cosmopolitan theorists, both of them German Jews—Karl Marx, the founder of the "International," born at Trèves in 1818, and Ferdinand Lassalle born at Breslau in 1825. It would be beyond the range of our inquiry to discuss the influence on their doctrines of Adam Smith and of Hegel, whose works they studied, or of Heine, another cosmopolitan German of Jewish race, with whom they were personally associated. All that we need notice here is that Marx and Lassalle, both cosmopolitans by birth, temperament, and training, were,

in different degrees and with some difference of doctrine, the founders of that international socialism which in various forms is at work in all civilised countries throughout the world, including France. A French socialist may set forth his views in that idealistic language which, as we have seen, is an inherent feature of French literary expression. But his idealism is no more French, excepting in form, than is that of a French preacher expounding a Christian doctrine accepted by the whole Western Church.

If there are French socialists who to-day combine a disinterested idealism with a practical co-operation in the socialistic movement, their idealism is less conspicuous and their political dexterity more apparent than those qualities were in the French socialists of the past. For there can be no doubt whatever of the idealism of the early French socialists, who, for the most part, did not take their theories from foreign sources. It cannot be too often recalled that the socialist doctrine is the negation of the ideal of the French Revolution, which was individualist. At the same time the French politicians and philosophers, in the first half of the nineteenth century, who adopted, to connote their views, the term socialism,—recently invented by Robert Owen,—being revolutionaries naturally wished to believe that the genesis of socialism belonged to the great Revolution. Such

was Louis Blanc, who, in his apology for Socialism, when he was agitating for the overthrow of the Monarchy of July, named Rousseau as "one of the chief gods of the new temple"; and there is doubtless a vast amount of what we now call socialism to be found in the idealistic diatribes of Jean-Jacques. But he died in 1778, and not much progress had been made in France in the propagation of the socialistic part of his doctrine in the seventy years which had elapsed when Louis Philippe's downfall was aided by the socialists in 1848. At the end of the eighteenth century the revolutionary idea of the absolute equality of human rights had engendered an exaggerated individualism. The result was that the Convention and the Directory were so sedulous in the defence of the doctrine of private property, that when Napoleon came there was little left for him to do in the way of suppressing the sporadic collectivism to be found in the nation.

It was not till the Empire had ended that Saint-Simon, though born in 1760, put forth his ideas on sociology—a hybrid word invented by his pupil Auguste Comte. Saint-Simon was an idealist, and so practical an idealist that within twenty years of his death, in 1825, in spite of the extravagances of the Saint-Simonian sect, it was predicted, with some truth, that the whole society of Europe was about to be organised after the

ideas of Saint-Simon. The grand-nephew of the Duc de Saint-Simon, author of the famous *Mémoires*, lived and died in straitened poverty, in noble harmony with his idealism, an example to socialists and to other modern politicians of every confession. Fourier, twelve years his junior, was an idealist of a different type. Though he treated the Saint-Simonians as charlatans, his own scheme of social order was so utopian and fantastic that it would have plunged any community adopting it into anarchy.

This is not the place to discuss the systems of social reform proposed in France since the Revolution, nor to trace the obtrusion in France of international influences which changed the basis and the character of native-grown socialism. All that I wish to indicate is that in the past the French socialists were primarily idealists, seeing visions of a new earth—with some practical result, as in the case of Saint-Simon, with very little as in the case of Fourier,—and that such idealism is less manifest in the political socialism of to-day, which is mainly an international product. Socialistic legislation has become merely an article of political programmes, placed there by politicians who, from their public and private action, seem to have retained less of the idealising spirit than other educated Frenchmen. The purchase of the Western Railway by the State, which came into

operation in 1909 was a momentous act of socialism. There was already one State Railway in France, founded as were the older State Railways in other continental countries, at a time when the Socialists did not exist as a parliamentary party in France or elsewhere. Moreover, the French government, by virtue of laws passed under Louis Philippe and Napoleon III, had administrative and financial control over all Railway Companies, such as is unknown in England, and had also compulsory powers of purchasing any line in the land. Nevertheless the purchase of the Western Railway by the State in the twentieth century was a grave concession to the Socialists, and was supported by them in Parliament as an advance towards collectivism. Yet on this question the debates in the Chamber and the Senate were as barren of idealism as were those we have noticed on the subject of the disestablishment of the churches.[1]

[1] It was only in 1879 that the *Chemin de Fer de l'État* was constituted, by the purchase by the State of a number of small bankrupt lines in the west-centre of France. So far from this being a concession to socialism, which had then no representatives in parliament, the purchase was carried through by the Waddington ministry, of which the economic policy was strictly Conservative, and was accepted by the Senate which was still largely composed of anti-Republicans. The long-talked-of purchase of the Western Railway was voted by the Parliament of 1906. M. Clemenceau became Prime Minister after the general election, which returned 209 Socialists and Radical-Socialists to the Chamber of Deputies, in addition to 116 Radicals who usually voted with them. M. Clemenceau therefore, though a Radical rather than a Socialist, to give satisfaction to the Socialists, who formed the majority of his supporters, agreed to the nationalisation of the Western Railway. One

On other socialistic subjects, less definite than the nationalisation of railways, speeches have sometimes been heard, even of late years, in the Palais Bourbon adorned with idealistic imagery. There was one eloquent socialist whose oratory had always an idealistic turn, acquired in the days when every young Frenchman had his ideal, which in this case had not been originally that of collectivism. He was a writer too — a master of phrases, foretelling the triumph of ideas which would lift the people to heights of felicity in a world freed from wrong. In the north of France one winter there was a strike. The season was hard in that bleak region and distress was sore. Day by day a Parisian journal published a persuasive homily, signed by the idealist deputy, exhorting the fathers of hungry children to be steadfast to the idea for which they were suffering. In the south of France, in a city of pleasure by the sea, one day that winter, a friend took me to inspect the new casino and its features of interest. From one bright chamber came the strains of gay music; from another the sounds which accompany a game of chance. The men, the women, their

of the peculiar relations of the French government with the railways is that the State guarantees the interest paid by the Companies. The chief argument advanced in favour of the purchase of the Western line was the improbability that the Company would ever be able to repay to the State the sums advanced to guarantee the interest—a prosaic question which did not give much scope for idealistic rhetoric in debate.

dresses, their laughter all spoke of a world not of ideas but of material modern luxury. In a quiet room where we sat, to enjoy from the windows a sight of sunlit waves and blue sky, my friend pointed out the object of greatest interest in the place. It was the socialist orator of the Chamber of Deputies, writing his daily measure of idealistic prose, which two days later would be sold for a *sou* in the grey, damp, industrial north, to encourage the workers to starve their families or to do acts of violence, while the writer amid cheerful scenes of hedonism renewed his forces for new rhetorical tournays.

Hedonism is not incompatible with idealism. The idealistic philosophers who prepared the way for the French Revolution were not ascetics. The chief of them, Jean-Jacques, might have lived longer had he been more austere.[1] The Directory was a government of idealists, who celebrated the

[1] Recent researches point to the probability of the assassination of Rousseau by his companion Thérèse Levasseur, on July 2, 1778. For years the cause of his death has interested and puzzled experts. M. Berthelot, who examined his skull at the Panthéon in 1897, discarded the theory of suicide, but was perplexed. M. Jules Lemaître, five years ago, inclined to the old theory of death from natural causes. Now we have an elaborate inquest undertaken by Dr. Julien Raspail, who, by a long chain of circumstantial evidence, seems to have a strong case that Jean-Jacques was shot by Thérèse. The doctor's arguments have converted M. André Beaunier the eminent critic, who has paid much attention to the subject. It is a pity that we cannot have the mystery of Gambetta's death—the circumstances of which were somewhat similar—cleared up while some of his friends are still alive.

attainment of their stern ideal and their escape from death at the hands of other idealists, by rearing a monument for all time of the moral laxity of democratic rule. Even Barras himself, in the intervals of his pleasures, posed as a disinterested idealist when he tried to save from the guillotine Babœuf, the socialist protomartyr, who had set up his communistic ideas counter to the individualism of the Revolution. At a later period, Fourier, in his idealistic scheme for reorganising humanity, provided a system of sensuous enjoyment for the citizens of his fantastic Utopia.

There is little in common between these cases and that of a politician who lives by preaching against capitalism and capitalist society, yet takes his frequent recreation in pleasures provided to minister to capitalist luxury,—which pleasures exist as the product and the excrescence of the existing order of things decried by the socialist. Inconsistency has ever been inherent to all philosophical, religious, or political profession. It is a perpetual element of human fallibility, and few are they

> "Whose faith and works are bells of full accord,"

even in the higher paths trodden by mortals. When we descend to the muddy arena in which the modern game of politics is played, the most ingenuous of spectators does not look for consistency.

So the sight of a social reformer, flaunting the contrast between his ideals, which he holds up before the public and his scheme of private conduct, affords no surprise. It only causes his idealism to be classed, with his socialism and his other professions, as articles not of his creed, but of his political baggage. Idealism such as this can have no effective result except to destroy all belief in ideals.

The foregoing observations must not be taken as a reflection on French socialists, or indeed on any school of French politicians. Socialism, we have seen, is now an international form of politics. So a criticism of the ways of socialists would apply to politicians in many lands. It would be an indictment of the whole body of English politicians. For in England, whatever party-labels survive, all the groups into which our old parliamentary system has crumbled, are committed to socialism; and the individualist, conscious of the danger, is a solitary and unheeded murmurer in the wilderness. The influence of the mechanical age, in destroying national distinctiveness, has been as powerful in creating an international type of politician, as in affecting any of the other mutations we have noted. The French have invented a word which specifies such politicians—though it does not exclusively connote them. It designates other creatures of the age, engaged in secular or spiritual functions, who are not politicians in the technical

sense. This word is *arriviste*, the most expressive neologism coined for fifty years, and the most reflective of the age-spirit. Littré, the chief of lexicographers, never knew it; for he died in 1881 when idealism in France, and other altruistic virtues elsewhere, laid some restraint on man's desire to "arrive," which now unabashed was formerly a more covert basis of human ambition. The French Academy, the next time it reviews the first alphabetical section of its Dictionary, will certainly have to include this word, and will perhaps be able to illustrate its meaning from the careers of certain prosperous Immortals. Politicians of this type are not the product of France alone. They are found in every country of Europe, from Great Britain to the Balkans, largely predominating where parliamentary institutions are most democratic. On the fertile soil of the Western Hemisphere they flourish abundantly, and in the farthest East, Japan, the ancient home of idealised duty, is rearing them as a sure token of membership of the civilised branch of the human family. Here they may pose as disinterested philanthropists, there as pontiffs of a mystical religion. In France they may profess to be the last champions of a noble idealism. By whatever party-epithets they label themselves, wheresoever the scene of their operations, they are all of the same clan of hard-headed egoists. Even when they call themselves social reformers—Liberal

or Conservative—they are quite tolerant of the existing order of society, which is full of amenity for their class, and their loftiest ambition is to have a rich share in the profitable trade of representative government.

One of my earliest acquaintances in France, when I went to live there in 1890, was a pure idealist —the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé. He had been recently elected to the French Academy as "the prophet and apostle of an idealistic renaissance" (to use the words of his successor at the Academy[1]) which movement then seemed imminent in French literature. A secretary of Embassy in Russia, he had found a wife there and had likewise discovered Russian literature, till then little known in France. In 1886 he published his *Roman Russe*, which was more than a revelation of a new literature. The teachings which Vogüé educed from that literature, to quote M. de Régnier again, caused a momentary revolution in contemporary thought, which seemed to mark its deliverance from the influence of naturalism, then in its prime. So it was a triumph for idealism when Vogüé was elected to the Academy, and henceforth he regarded it as the chief custodian of that quality. I was at the Palais Mazarin when he received M. Paul Bourget. In a witty passage he expressed the wish that he might be able to in-

[1] *Discours de réception à l'Académie Française*, 18 *Janvier* 1912, par Henri de Régnier.

clude the brilliant novelist in the ranks of idealists; but he was beset with the difficulty of classification, similar to that which puzzled Academicians in the days of Sainte-Beuve.[1] Then in his peroration he welcomed the new confrère not to a mere company of dictionary-makers: "We are the guardians of a dream," he said, "the most constant, the noblest dream of our race—that of gaining the mastery of the world in the domain of ideas": and he ended by bidding M. Bourget, even though he had strayed in the paths of realism, to come and collaborate in the old dream.

Even then, in 1895, Melchior de Vogüé's disillusions had begun. In the last days of the old century, barely ten years after our first meeting, he gave me a romance of his own composition. It was called *Les Morts qui parlent*, but its title might well have been "The disillusions of an idealist." In those years of transition, when lookers-on began to notice on all sides the decay of idealism in France, Vogüé took his seat in a place of observation from which the process of decay was conspicuously visible. He entered the Chamber of Deputies as member for the Ardèche, where before the Revolution his

[1] The passage in the *Réponse de M. le Vicomte de Vogüé*, 13 *Juin* 1895, is as follows: "Il fallait vous classer, vous étiqueter. C'était, affirmaient quelques nomenclateurs, la réaction de l'idéalisme contre le naturalisme. Mais quel embarras! Vous vous donniez pour un élève de Balzac, dont on fait un réaliste parce qu'il décrit exactement les mobiliers, et qui est à mon sens un imaginatif effréné, partant un idéaliste." *Cf.* the letter of Saint-Beuve, cited on p. 72.

family enjoyed seignorial rights and his ancestor represented the nobility of the Vivarais at the States General in 1789. These details show that Vogüé's disillusion was not of the kind which, as we have seen, affected old Republicans when the Third Republic failed to realise their ideals. Vogüé had separated himself from the majority of his class by accepting the Republic, and he was returned as a Liberal Republican, eager to find in the popular Chamber some echo of his own austere faith in idealism. His *Roman Russe* had marked, it was hoped, the idealist and psychological renaissance of the French novel after its deformation at the hands of the mechanics of Médan. His own romance was an essay in psychology which recorded the doom of idealism. His analysis of the psychology of a representative democratic assembly in the morning of the mechanical age is a document of great value. The ferocious egoism of the *arrivistes* of all parties is portrayed with unreserved impartiality; for he pursues with his satire the so-called "Conservatives" of the monarchical groups not less austerely than the opportunists and the socialists. He describes with skill the cosmopolitan type of politician, which, as we have noted, is now found in all civilised democracies. The central figure of his story is a young Jew, of humble origin but of wealthy connection, a resolute hedonist, who chooses the socialist path as the shortest cut to

power, pleasure, and success. The type delineated is that of a modern Lassalle—whose career as a social reformer began when he was twenty with a scandalous adventure with the wife of a noble, and ended, in his fortieth year, with his death in a duel provoked by his elopement with the daughter of a diplomatist. A Jew, such as Lassalle, had less chance of making his mark in a legislative assembly sixty years ago, than a politician of the same cosmopolitan class has now. That type to-day is not confined to the Hebrew race; though the dissemination of the Jews in the legislatures and governments of Europe has, by providing a model of successful adaptability, encouraged the development of that class in all nations—the atmosphere of the mechanical age being most favourable for its growth. There are pure-bred Frenchmen, as well as Englishmen and Germans, who in the legislatures of their respective countries display some of the international qualities which M. de Vogüé gave to his egoist politician. So we need not regard the portrait as an anti-Semitic satire. Whatever the author's views on the Jewish question, we may consider that, perhaps unconsciously, he drew a skilful portrait of a product of the mechanical age not peculiar to any land or race.

The value of his work to our investigation is that this idealist, without making it his principal thesis, and indeed only by incidental allusion,

records the disappearance of idealism from the mentality of the elected representatives of the French people. The idealistic form even to-day survives in some of their oratory, and the socialist leader in the story, with the assimilative power of his race, had adopted it. In a brilliant speech he had reproached the Chamber with wasting the substance of the nation in militarism, while the real army of France was the immortal, never-vanquished army of ideas, which, incarnated in the people, had conquered the world. "The chamber had been listening to a literary exercise, rousing men's passions by the ideas it suggested, but far removed from daily realities; no one dreamed of establishing any connection between this purely intellectual performance and the practical needs of social and political life."

Among the amiable women who consoled and inspired Vogüé's hero in his hours of relaxation was a talented actress and a former pupil of the École Normale at Fontenay-aux-Roses, where school-teachers were trained to instruct the children of France in the ideals of their nation. She shows the deputy her old notebooks of lectures, delivered by one of the tutors at the College, on "L'idéal moral contemporain"—"a sort of intellectual haschisch, received from the hands of a faith-inspiring prophet." But her enthusiasm for ideals had vanished, and she had come out into the world

to see how she might practically apply the vigorous force of her young life to terrestrial realities. The politician tells her that though he passes for a sceptic in society, he believes in the ideas which he professes in his public speeches. "Idealism must be practical," his counsellor replies, "and your ideas will remain barren unless you fecundate them with your love of power." In a somewhat different form M. de Vogüé puts an argument equally destructive of idealism in the mouth of a pure-bred Frenchman—an eminent savant who had entered the turbulent Chamber as a pathway to the calm seclusion of the Senate. To a new member and former pupil, who had come into Parliament, as did the author of the story, in the hope of finding colleagues eager in the pursuit of ideals, he says: "Pay no attention to anything but facts, which are our veritable teachers: give no heed to conventional phrases, but stick to objective reality which they distort."

Here we have an early example of that change in French mentality, the operation of which we have traced in this essay—the abandonment of the formula and the syllogism for the study of practical realities and facts. Here we have too the man of science, the all-powerful offspring and servant of the mechanical age, dominating with his argument the idealist whose faith has been founded on the old French basis, which is crumbling away

under the pressure of that age. It must be repeated that the value of these passages lies in the fact that they were not written for the purpose of proving the decay of idealism, which Vogüé himself perhaps did not fully realise, in spite of his disillusions. They are incidental touches in a graphic picture of French political life, drawn before the great transformation which we have been following, was generally manifest. For this reason they form a valuable corroboration of the evidence gathered from many other sources.

Those sources have not been exhausted in the foregoing pages. But the essay has already stretched beyond double the limit first planned for it, and a volume would not suffice for an analysis of all the material at my disposal. Thus, only the fringe of the subject of the tendencies of French literature has been touched upon, and the influence of the literatures of Northern Europe has been mentioned only incidentally. Even though some of the corners of this wide and fertile field of inquiry are left unexplored, it will be better not to abuse the patience of readers with an inordinate discussion of a subject the popular interest of which is perhaps not in proportion to its importance. The importance which that subject has for the destinies of the human race cannot indeed be over-estimated if it be true that a change, such as is presumed in these pages, is taking place in the

French national temperament. For the distinctive genius of the French people in the domain of ideas has affected the history of European civilisation more than any other moral influence.

We will now recapitulate the chief causes which seem to have brought about the decay of idealism in France. First there are the moral effects of the Franco-German War. The defeat of 1870 had for France results more durably depressing than any previous misadventures with the fortune of war. The reverses of the Seven Years' War did not darken the horizon of French thought; indeed the last inglorious years of Louis XV ripened that exuberant, hopeful idealism which produced the Revolution. Again, after the invasions and the loss of territory which accompanied the fall of Napoleon, came an optimistic period fruitful in ideals:—the ideal of romanticism which Stendhal prefigured soon after his hero, the Emperor, fell; the political ideal of a British Constitution, dear to the Orleanists; Montalembert's ideal of a free Church in a free State; the social ideals of Saint-Simon and of Fourier—to mention only a few. Not one of these ideals was tinged with pessimism, such as fell upon the nation after the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. For pessimism is incompatible with idealism—a fact which Brunetière brings out incidentally in a criticism of the work of

Alfred de Vigny. He shows how Vigny was a pessimistic philosopher, until at last a vision of hope drove away his pessimism and inspired the poem, *La Bouteille à la Mer.* There his new feeling found expression in the famous line, which contains the whole gospel of idealism :

"Le vrai Dieu, le Dieu fort est le Dieu des idées."

The general dejection which in 1870 overshadowed the land and left an indelible mark on the amenity of the people was not dispelled by any vivid ray of hope. It was not even relieved by the idealistic joy which Republicans ought to have tasted, and communicated to their fellow-citizens, when the Republic was firmly established. Their disillusion was, as we have seen, due to their having dreamed, not of a government of human institution, but of a Utopia. Henceforth, every form of government, royal, imperial, republican, constitutional, autocratic, democratic, having been tried within the span of a century, political idealists had no further use for their powers of imagination to create inspiriting ideals.

Among the contributory causes of the decay of idealism which have been mentioned is the influence of certain writers and of certain schools of writers. The influence of individual authors on the mentality of recent generations has probably been greater than that of any schools of literature. For while

the influence of a supreme master of language endures, the vogue of a school of writers of various ability is usually followed and is often counteracted by the rise of another. Thus the excesses of the naturalistic school produced an idealistic reaction, which might have stayed the decay of idealism but for other causes at work. Moreover, in these later years when literary "schools" are often mere coteries, their influence is less widespread than the personal authority of a master of persuasive style who in charming a reader makes a disciple. Since the war there have been one or two conspicuous figures in French literature, whom no school can claim. Two of them, at least, used their unsurpassed gifts of language and seductive expression in abetting the destruction of idealism. One of them has been mentioned, Ernest Renan, who sometimes classed as a naturalist, a realist, or even a positivist, stands in a class by himself. Another solitary figure of a later generation is Anatole France. Since the Revolution no more destructive writer than he ever wrote, and none has had more influence on the young since Renan died. No one with such outright zeal removed the high places and brake the images without setting anything in their place. No ideals have ever been sacred to him. The anti-Semitic foes of Dreyfus and the Jews were in turn victims of his satire and scorn. Neither clerical nor Jacobin found

mercy at his hands. For while he applied the eloquence of his prose to mock at the solemn and august theme of the origins of Christianity, he reserved his bitterest irony for the legend of the French Revolution at the period when the guillotine became the chief symbol of its idealism. So devastating is the scepticism of this accomplished artist that the most disenchanted spectator of the human comedy is fain to entreat him to relieve with some hopeful, imaginative hue the barren scene which he has painted with detail too faithful to the realities of life.

Neither the withering nihilism of Anatole France nor the dulcet iconoclasm of Renan would have had more than a passing effect on idealism in France, had their doctrines not been preached to two generations growing up amid the development of the mechanical age. In like manner the general pessimism produced by the Franco-German War and the particular disillusion of sanguine Republicans, who failed to find the Utopia of their dreams in the Third Republic, would have had, in any other age, effects less durable on the idealising spirit of the French. It is unnecessary to reproduce the arguments on this question set forth in the foregoing pages. It is sufficient to repeat that the mechanical age, in changing all the conditions of human life, is changing human nature itself. Hence, the sequence of action and

reaction, which has marked the annals of mankind as a normal circumstance in the gradual progress of civilisation, will probably no longer recur, and in the new age, on the threshold of which we stand, history is not likely to repeat itself. The rapid development of that age is the chief reason why idealism has not recovered, and presumably never will recover, the position it held in the mentality of the French. The other causes we have noted seem to be incidental. The displacement of the classics in the French system of education by subjects deemed more serviceable was quoted as a minor cause of the decay of idealism. But that innovation is one of the many results of the practical spirit of the mechanical age, which is affecting all nations, and which, as we have seen, seems to be generating in the human race a cosmopolitan mentality destined to efface all national characteristic, excepting that of language.

That exception is a very big one in France. For the French language, from the Grand Siècle when it attained the perfection of its classical form, has been essentially an instrument for the expression of ideas. So, even though ideas have had their day, the idealistic mould of the French language will survive for many a year, in spite of the mutilating exigencies of the mechanical age. Though the ancient classics be neglected, the

French classical ideal will still be respected as a venerable monument of the past glories of France. Only two years ago it was consoling to read in the Parisian journals, amid descriptions of French triumphs in the domain of energy, that a party of students had hissed a lecturer at the Odéon for speaking ill of Racine. Yet such a pleasing incident—the like of which could not happen in England, America, or Germany—was only one of those parting salutes which the children of the new civilisation will from time to time offer to the old. The absence of idealism may not at first perceptibly affect the quality of French literature; though the main cause of the decay of idealism may in time put an end to literature itself. Some of the most polished writers of the new generation are not on the side of idealism. One of them, M. André Beaunier, seems to believe that the age of beneficent ideas is past, though perverted ideas still have influence. To a perverted idealism he attributes the socially-dangerous mania of Parisian juries for acquitting murderers. It is a most ingenious theory that in its decadence idealism should have become perverse, and its development will be interesting to follow. Meanwhile it is significant that one of the most literary of the younger critics should have entitled an essay "La folie des idées" and should have adopted the device, "Vive le fait."

It sometimes happens that a person who wishes to pay a compliment to a member of another nation will ascribe to the latter qualities which his own fellow-countrymen have illustrated. Thus an Englishman cannot render higher praise to a foreigner than by describing him as "a fine sportsman." In the same way a Frenchman, brought up among the literary and philosophical associations of the past, could not more cordially show his friendly feeling for the people of England than by crediting them with idealism. A few years ago in a provincial journal the speech of a professor at the Lycée of Toulouse caught my attention, as an example of the admirable literary form in which Frenchmen, little known to fame, are able to mould their language. With eloquent references to Shakespeare, to the English Bible, to our nursery rhymes, to Wordsworth, to Dr. Arnold, this country schoolmaster showed himself an adept in our literature, and from its influence on the soul of the people he drew the inference that we were a nation of idealists.[1]

Twenty-two years earlier a famous English teacher, Mandell Creighton, who was not a modest schoolmaster, but an Oxford historian so learned that Cambridge called him to a chair of History, delivered himself on the subject of ideas and the worth of idealism, in a sense opposed to that of

[1] Distribution des prix au Petit Lycée de Toulouse, 27 Juillet 1906. Le discours d'usage, lu par M. Delattre, professeur au Lycée.

the Toulouse professor. He wrote in a private letter :—

"If the Pope would have left off pillaging Germany, I believe that 'justification by faith only' would have created only a languid interest. This is a very low view. I know that we ought to believe that mighty movements always swayed the hearts of men. So they have—when they made for their pecuniary interest. But I believe that ideas were always second thoughts in politics—they were the garb in which men covered the nudity of their practical desires. I can never ask myself first, 'What mighty ideas swelled in the hearts of men?' But 'what made men see a chance of saving sixpence, of gaining sixpence or of escaping from being robbed of sixpence? what man was clever enough to devise a formula round which men would rally for this purpose?'"[1]

As a generalisation this is not very valuable. It is an utterance too sweeping and too unscientific for a serious historian to make : it is too cynical and too sceptical even for the private confession of a future bishop. It is of value as a frank expression of opinion, given in the unrestrained freedom of familiar correspondence by a cultivated Englishman, which displays the average English feeling about idealism. It would be easy to follow the Toulouse professor and to add to his list a number of names of English writers in whose works idealistic teaching

[1] Letter to Mrs. Green, February 21, 1884.

may be found. That would not alter the fact that idealism, such as we have been discussing, has played an insignificant part in the history of our nation and our race; while French idealism has been the potent influence we have seen in past periods when ideas, germinated in France, changed the destinies not only of that land, but of Europe. The influence of England on the history of mankind has perhaps been greater than that of France—but not in the domain of ideas. The opinions expressed by Mandell Creighton may not be amiable or pleasant sounding. But they are characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, or it might be said of the whole Teutonic race—for they are Bismarckian in their candid bluntness. They likewise stand for those unsentimental qualities which have imposed Anglo-Saxon institutions on the world, and have made the practical English language the chief organ of modern civilisation. Those qualities are the best suited to take advantage of the swiftly-developing conditions of the mechanical age; and however much it is to be deplored, the French, as we have seen, are becoming eager pioneers of the new age in progressive ratio with the abandonment of their old idealism. In the quarter of a century which has passed since the late Bishop of London signified the attitude of Englishmen towards idealism, the march of civilisation has not been of such a nature as to make any nation more idealistic—least

of all our own. When therefore the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques proposed as the subject for one of its prize essays in 1913, "Contemporary idealism in England," I ventured to write to our Perpetual Secretary that, if not disqualified for competing by being a corresponding Member of the Company, I would submit the shortest essay on record—which ought to win the valuable recompense—consisting of a translation of the famous chapter on "Snakes in Iceland."[1]

If, then, idealism is—to use the language of French mathematicians—"une quantité négligeable" in English national character, it would be futile to essay a comparison between English and French idealism. In the same way it would be useless to compare French tradition, little of which survived the Revolution, with English tradition,[2] which survived all our political vicissitudes and is succumbing only to the material pressure of the mechanical age. It is important to remember that in France it was idealism which killed tradition—at

[1] My letter is printed at the end of this essay on p. 189. The famous chapter is in Horrebow's *Natural History of Iceland*, 1758, c. lxxii.: *Concerning Snakes*—"No snakes of any kind are to be met with throughout the whole island." The chapter on "Owls" is even shorter.

[2] The original title of this essay was "The Decay of Idealism in France and of Tradition in England," and these concluding passages were written to mark the transition from one subject to the other.

all events political and historical tradition. For the precursors of the Revolution were the idealistic philosophers who, in evolving from their fancy a new birth of human society, impregnated the nation with a hostile indifference for all ancient institutions; so that in the result the people became so habituated to the removal of old landmarks and so insensible to the images of the past that they never cultivated a reverential memory for the new order of things—not even for those which touched their hearts and imaginations.

Thus the great figure of Napoleon has become a dim remembrance to unlettered people, and even his name is forgotten by old peasants whose parents may have seen him. Some years ago I drove with my children across the Alps from the Mediterranean into Savoy. We took a post-chaise and four in the olden style—just in time, before that pleasantest mode of travel came to an end, when the mechanical age with its motor-cars made perilous a carriage drive through mountain-passes. Following the track of Napoleon after his escape from Elba, we drove from Digne to the Château de Malijai and saw the room where he passed the night of March 4, 1815, in a Louis XV armchair still standing in the chimney corner. Then filled with associations of the scene we went down to the Durance, the passage of which on March 5th was a critical affair. There in the village inn we were served by

a bright, talkative old peasant woman, who had passed all her days on the banks of the great Alpine torrent. So when she became confidential I asked her if she had ever known any elders who had seen Napoleon. "Napoléon," she replied in her broad Provençal accent: "connais-pas ce nom-là. Peut-être bien c'est un voyageur de commerce."

That aged toilers should have no memory for past historic names or events outside the horizon of their laborious lives is less strange than that the young should be indifferent to the tradition of national history, so recent that their parents helped to make it. Yet every year there are recruits in the French army who have never heard of the Franco-German War, in which many of their superior officers fought. Nevertheless though the humble people of the land are forgetful or neglectful of tradition, France possesses two sanctuaries where it is preserved, such as are found in few other countries. These are the Institute and the Théâtre Français.[1]

[1] *e.g.* in 1901, only thirty years after the war, MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte published the result of an inquiry made by a cavalry officer, whose testimony they vouched for, as to the knowledge of recent history possessed by the recruits of his squadron. There were about fifty of them who joined each year, and of these an average of thirty had never heard of the war of 1870–1. In 1908 Lieutenant Roland in a similar inquest, found that of a hundred recruits, taken from all classes of the population, thirty-six were unaware that France was vanquished in 1870, and barely half knew of the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine.

The tradition of the House of Molière has come down unbroken from the Grand Siècle. The comedians who to-day play the parts of Harpagon, Argan, Agnès, or Dorine use the same gestures and take the same position on the stage as did Molière and Armande Béjart and the other members of the troupe which performed before Louis XIV. In January, June, and December, the birthdays of Molière, Corneille, and Racine are respectively kept with the representation of a masterpiece of the hero, and of an occasional piece illustrating an episode in his life, written by a young hand in the ever-living metre of the seventeenth century. On Molière's day the full company of Sociétaires and Pensionnaires appears in the "Cérémonie" of the *Malade Imaginaire*—the same in which, on February 10, 1673, the author uttered his last word on the stage and was carried out to die an hour later. Yet it is not at these solemnities that is best seen the example of the Comédie Française as a stronghold and a seminary of tradition. Nothing is more consoling than to escape from the once brilliant Boulevards and Avenues of Paris, now transformed beyond recognition by the roaring and rushing inventions of the mechanical age and to take refuge in the old theatre, when at an ordinary performance a tragedy of Corneille or Racine, or a comedy of Molière holds spellbound a vast audience representing nearly

every class in the nation, and calls forth its supreme hereditary instinct in things related to art. Of the Institute of France, the other great guardian of French traditions, all that has to be said will be found in the following essay.

LETTER TO THE SECRÉTAIRE PERPÉTUEL DE L'ACADÉMIE DES SCIENCES MORALES ET POLITIQUES

(*Referred to on p.* 183.)

My perverse misunderstanding of the meaning of the subject set for competition was only an innocent *saillie d'esprit*, as I knew that the "Idealism" to be discussed in the prize-essay was not that which has been examined in the foregoing pages, but metaphysical idealism. When I asked the distinguished Perpetual Secretary of the Academy to communicate my letter to some of the members it was in the hope of obtaining information to be used in my own essay, nothing being further from my intention than that it should be made public. However it was read and discussed by the Academy, and was published in its monthly *Compte rendu des Séances et Travaux*. So there will be perhaps no harm in reproducing it here, especially as it shortly indicates the subject which I have attempted to investigate in the foregoing pages.

Cher Monsieur de Foville.—Recevez mes bien sincères remerciments pour tant d'obligeante amabilité.

Je lis que l'Académie vient de mettre au concours pour le prix du Budget, le sujet suivant : *L'Idéalisme anglais contemporain.* S'il m'était permis de concourir pour ce prix, je pourrais le gagner facilement ou au moins le mériter en copiant textuellement la thèse fameuse sur les Serpents en Islande : "Il n'y en a pas" ; car à mon avis l'idéalisme en Angleterre est aussi mort, que la reine Anne.

Le sujet m'intéresse, parce que dans le volume que je compte présenter à l'Académie, l'année prochaine se trouvent deux essais : sur la décadence de l'idéalisme en France et de la tradition en Angleterre.

La France a été le pays par excellence de l'idéalisme depuis le Grand Siècle, comme l'Angleterre a été le pays de la tradition. Mais au XX^e^ siècle, je constate à regret la disparition de ces deux grandes qualités nationales, comme résultat des progrès de la civilisation.

Mon essai sur la décadence de l'idéalisme en France est presque terminé et, avant de le faire imprimer, je ne serais que trop content si vous pouviez m'indiquer quelques ouvrages contemporains qui puissent me prouver que l'idéalisme joue toujours un rôle important dans la vie et la pensée françaises. Il ne s'agit pas de l'idéalisme métaphysique. Moi, je fais partie de la section de Morale à l'Académie. Je ne suis aucunement métaphysicien.

Il s'agit de cet idéalisme pratique, pour ainsi dire, qui a poussé la France intellectuelle à la Révolution, et qui, plus tard, a rendu populaire en France la doctrine des nationalités.

Je ne nie point qu'il ne reste en France un certain nombre d'idéalistes, comme il reste en Angleterre deux ou trois traditionnalistes, dont votre correspondant. Mais ce que je veux savoir, c'est si l'idéalisme existe toujours en France comme principe actif, influant sur les destinées et l'esprit de la nation. Il est bien possible que quelques-uns de vos confrères aient écrit sur cette question interessante.

Voudriez-vous leur communiquer ma lettre ?

Veuillez agréer cher Monsieur l'assurance de mes sentiments dévoués.

J. E. C. Bodley.

In the discussion which followed the unintended reading of this letter to the Academy, at its meeting on December 9, 1911, M. Boutroux, whose valuable philosophical work has received further recognition by his election to the Académie Française, observed that the subject of the prize-essay had been proposed by the section of "Philosophie," the functions of which are explained in the following essay on the Institute of France. M. Boutroux pointed out that the subject had been set to encourage an investigation into the important philosophic movement in

progress in Great Britain, associated with the names of Green, Caird, and Bradley. He added that the idealism in question was that of our English and Scottish philosophers who had primarily got their inspiration from Hegel.

M. d'Haussonville, who had recently witnessed the Coronation at Westminster, expressed the belief that traditionalists were not as rare in England as my letter suggested. I only hope that his observation is more accurate than mine, and that when I am able to publish my studies on the alleged "Decay of Tradition in England" I may be moved to recant my present opinion on the matter.

It is to be noticed that in this short discussion not a word was said in objection to my general thesis of the "Decay of Idealism in France," in the sense indicated in my letter to the Perpetual Secretary.

THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE

THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE

A REQUEST has been made to me, to comply with which is beyond my power or competency. It is that I should express an opinion upon the one or two bodies of educated men who in England have organised themselves in corporate association, since the beginning of the twentieth century, presumably in imitation of certain of the Academies which compose the Institute of France.

While my close relations for many years with one of those Academies have made me familiar with the history and constitution of the French Institute, I know so little about these English societies and their aims that it would be presumptuous for me to discuss them. In general terms, my opinion, for whatever it is worth, is that the twentieth century is not the period in which it could be possible to found in England an "academy" having any academic utility, on the lines of the French models. Some people, who take that general view, think that perhaps from forty to sixty years ago, when England boasted a score of names of high authority in every branch of literature, an academy might have been founded capable of creating or maintaining a tradition. That is not my opinion; for a tradition like a

pedigree cannot be improvised. Both need the growth of generations to make them genuine, and both are essential to an academy assuming academic functions. None of our great English authors of that brilliant epoch showed any disposition to hold meetings with their fellow-writers and to call such meetings an "academy." Nor is there one name, illustrious in English literature for a century, which has lent itself to any scheme for founding such an academic body in England. We know what Macaulay said about an experiment of the kind in his day, essayed by persons whose "characters are respectable" and whose "motives were laudable." Laudable indeed is every effort made by men of culture, in these days of materialism, to form societies for literary recreation and mutual improvement. But it is confusing when such agreeable sodalities are called academies. It is true that the word academy is used more comprehensively in the English language than the corresponding term in French. Dickens, of his own genius, created several "academies" in different parts of England—and in one respect they bore some likeness to the French Academy, for he peopled them with immortals.

The Institute of France is one of the two great sanctuaries of tradition which the French possess,

the other being the Comédie Française. The Institute is made up of five classes or Academies, of which the most famous is also the most ancient—the Académie Française—the others being, in order of foundation, the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, the Académie des Sciences, the Académie des Beaux Arts, and the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. The French Academy was founded by Cardinal de Richelieu in 1635, under letters patent issued by Louis XIII. The other four academies were practically offshoots from it, established at different dates, from 1663 to 1795, or at all events they would not have existed but for the great foundation of Richelieu.

The Institute itself dates only from 1795, a strange year for the foundation of the most important learned corporation in Europe and for the carrying out of a scheme planned in 1666 by Colbert, whose ambition was to be another Richelieu, for forming a general Academy of letters and science. For the Institute of France came into being the year after the Terror, and its constitution was one of the final acts of the Convention. The Constituent Assembly, insatiable for reform, had in 1790 turned its attention to the four existing academies with a view to their union within one organised body, a scheme which had some resemblance to that of Colbert. Mirabeau, who was not an Academician, was to have read a report on the

new regulations, written by Chamfort, who was in favour of the dissolution of the French Academy to which he belonged. Mirabeau died in April 1791 before the subject could be debated. Similar schemes were put forward in the Assembly by Talleyrand, still Bishop of Autun, and by Condorcet, a member of both the Académie Française and of the Académie des Sciences, who poisoned himself to escape the guillotine the year before the establishment of the Institute. The Constituent was dissolved on September 30, 1791, without coming to a decision, and the short-lived Legislative Assembly had no time for this matter. Then came the Convention. The four academies continued to meet, though their numbers were diminished by emigration. During the first period of the Terror they discussed questions of literature, philosophy, and art, with that detached concentration which has often characterised French learning in times of civil trouble. It seemed as though the Academies had been forgotten in the furious months of 1793 which had seen the execution of the King, the first coalition, the defection of Dumouriez, the creation of the Committee of public safety, Marat assassinated, Charlotte Corday sent to the guillotine. At last the Convention, which had a few months before installed itself at the Tuileries, became alive to the fact that these learned bodies were pursuing their studies hard by, at the Louvre. So on August 8,

1793, it voted a decree suppressing all academies and literary societies under letters patent or endowed by the State. The same week, on the proposal of Lakanal, an ex-priest and a regicide member of the Convention, whose name became associated with education, the Academy of Science was excepted from the decree. This favour it declined by a letter signed by the illustrious Lavoisier —he who was sent to the guillotine the following May, when the Revolutionary Tribunal refused to delay his execution for a few days to enable him to complete some experiments, saying that the Republic had no need of chemists or savants.

The reaction of Thermidor came and the storm of the Revolution passed away. In the relative calm which ensued, the Convention in its last days had to frame a new constitution—the Constitution of 5 Fructidor An III (August 22, 1795), which provided for the establishment of a National Institute. The report on which it was founded, on 3 Brumaire An IV (October 25, 1795), was written by Daunou, an ex-priest of the Oratory who was a moderate member of the Convention and had voted against the execution of Louis XVI. The report says: "We have borrowed from Talleyrand and Condorcet the plan of a National Institute, a grand and majestic idea which when carried into execution will efface in splendour all the academies of the Kings, just as the destinies of republican

France are already effacing the most brilliant epoch of monarchical France."

Thus was the Institute founded with a declamatory piece of rhetoric, devoid of the grace and simplicity of the great French models who had moulded their style under academical influences. Yet Daunou, whose prose was as inflated as most of the words and gestures of the First Republic, exhorted the members of the reconstituted academies to bear in mind the continuity of tradition which they received as poets, historians, or philosophers from Corneille, Pascal, Racine, Voltaire and d'Alembert, the mighty succession of writers who linked the Grand Siècle with the Revolution.

"The national temple with doors closed ever to intrigue and opened only at the summons of just renown," to quote Daunou again, was divided into three classes: the first of Physical and Mathematical Science; the second of Moral and Political Science; the third of Literature and Fine Arts. It was by this reconstruction that a breach was caused in the complete continuity of the French Academy.[1] The third class of the National Institute was a union of the old French Academy and the Academy of Fine Arts, and was divided into six sections

[1] Sainte-Beuve in a letter to M. Félix Bovet, who had asked him if the Academy possessed an original portrait of its first Perpetual Secretary, Conrart, wrote, on March 16, 1867, twenty-three years after his own election: "La présente Académie française n'est pas du tout la fille directe de l'ancienne, quoi qu'elle s'en flatte."

of Grammar, Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, Music, and Declamation. Although Richelieu's original foundation was reorganised nearly out of existence, we shall see how the continuity was preserved of the tradition of the French Academy. The National Institute was thus founded on the basis of the academies of the old monarchy, which in the course of time were to re-emerge, strengthened by being bound together in the new organisation.

The inauguration of the National Institute took place in the Louvre on April 4, 1796. By that time the Directory was the government of France. So Barras, Carnot, with the other Directors, came to the Salle des Cariatides and, attired in their classical robes of office, opened this peaceful corporation just a week before General Bonaparte won at Montenotte his first battle in Italy. When the victorious hero of the Italian campaign came back to France in 1797 he was elected a Member of the Institute. It was in the first class that he took his seat, the only class which now corresponded with one of the old academies—the Academy of Science. The spirit of the eighteenth century, as developed in the Revolution, took more account of physical and mathematical science than of philosophy, literature, or fine arts. So the old Academy of Science became the first class of the new Institute, and its young member, Citizen General Bonaparte, had a good deal to do with the further

organisation of that body. After he came back from Egypt in 1799 he invented, as First Consul, a new uniform for his colleagues of the Institute, and when he became Emperor he housed them in the Collège des Quatre Nations, founded, under the will of Mazarin, in 1672, and which, now known as the Palais Mazarin, is still the home of the Institut de France. While he was still First Consul, in 1803, Napoleon, with the aid of his minister of the interior, Chaptal the famous chemist, rearranged the Institute into four classes. His own section of Science retained the first place ; then came the class of French Language and Literature, which corresponded to the Académie Française more closely than did the third class under Daunou's reorganisation ; then the class of Ancient History and Literature corresponding to the old Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres ; and finally the class of Fine Arts. The section of Moral and Political Science he suppressed for reasons to be noted when we examine the academy which bears that title.

At the Restoration the Institute, though barely twenty years old, had attained such European fame that Louis XVIII did not venture to abolish it, though it had been founded by the Convention which had put to death his brother. He left the revolutionary foundation alone, but restored to each of the classes the title of academy, which they had borne under the old monarchy. They were

also ranked in order of age, the Académie Française resuming its name, its precedence, and its statutes, the Academies of Inscriptions, of Science, and of Fine Arts following in the order which they still retain. This took place in 1816. In 1832, after the Revolution of July had driven the legitimate dynasty once more from the throne, Louis Philippe revived the class suppressed by Napoleon, and it was added to the Academies of the Institute under the title of Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.

The foregoing is a bare outline of the history of the Institut de France, which, for eighty years under a Monarchy, an Empire, and two Republics, has undergone no change whatever in its constitution, though the number of its members has been enlarged. The history of the Academies composing the Institute is much longer, and their respective annals can be dealt with here in only a summary manner.

The French Academy, which in the lifetime possibly of some of its present members—less than twenty-three years hence—will celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of its foundation, enjoys more popular prestige than the other four academies put together. In spite of its vicissitudes, between the Terror and the accession of Louis XVIII, its constitution has changed but little. The forty chairs

provided for its forty original members in 1635 remain unaltered in number. Each of the forty "Immortals," as they are familiarly called, has his name inscribed on the rolls of the company, according to the number of his chair, at the end of an unbroken list of its previous occupants. Thus M. Ribot sits in the 30th Fauteuil, where Colbert and La Fontaine successively sat, other holders of it having been Marivaux, whose style in play-writing gave the term *marivaudage*, and Dupanloup, the last of the Gallicans. M. Maurice Donnay, the dramatist, had among his predecessors in the 17th Fauteuil, d'Alembert, Portalis, Prosper Mérimée, and Taine. M. de Mun, a defender of the faith and also a descendant of the philosopher Helvétius, sits in a chair in which are mingled the varied traditions of Massillon, the eloquent Bishop of Clermont, of Laplace, the astronomer, of Royer-Collard, the chief of the doctrinaires, and of Jules Simon whom he succeeded. Pierre Loti sits in the seat of Racine, Scribe, and Octave Feuillet; and the last-elected academician, General Lyautey, if his excellent literary baggage is slight, has a vast burden of tradition to carry, for his chair was occupied for eighty years by Pierre Corneille and Victor Hugo.

"Quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt."

The Académie Française differs from the other four classes of the Institute in adhering to its

original number of forty members, those of each of the other academies being more numerous. Another most important distinction between it and the others is that it has no foreign or honorary members, while the other Academies have all a number of foreign associates or corresponding members on their rolls. The reason for the national exclusiveness of the French Academy is that, since it was founded for the conservation and purifying of the French language, it could have no use for foreign members, whatever their utility in the other Academies in matters of science, art, and philosophy. Another difference is that, while the members of the five Academies are all "academicians" and are all entitled to wear the same green embroidered uniform on ceremonial occasions, the members of the French Academy print after their names, on their cards and on the title-pages of their books, "de l'Académie Française," while members of the other four call themselves "Membres de l'Institut." One other distinction is that which gives each of the other "classes" of the Institute an annual President, while the French Academy has a Director who is changed every three months. When a member dies his successor is "received" with a discourse made by the academician who was Director when the vacancy occurred. A Director can delegate this duty to a colleague, and this sometimes happens when more than one death

has taken place in his three months' term of office.

It is this public reception given to each new "Immortal" when he takes his seat beneath the dome of the Palais Mazarin which, in the eyes of the cultivated world of Paris, is the chief characteristic of the French Academy, setting it apart from the other classes of the Institute. Each of the five academies has an annual public assembly when literary works are "crowned" and feats of intellect or of virtue rewarded. The five Academies, united, likewise hold a general meeting with similar rites, once a year, on October 25th, when they commemorate the foundation of the Institute on the 3 Brumaire An IV. Neither of these solemnities has a tithe of the attraction for Paris of a reception at the Académie Française, and when new members of the other academies are received, a simple ceremony takes place within their own precincts without the public being invited or knowing anything about it.

The fine tradition, handed down from member to member, from the reign of Louis XIII when the French language first approached its classical perfection, is the reason and the justification for the Académie Française retaining its superior prestige at an epoch when in France, as in all other lands, supreme literary talent is succumbing to the pressure of the mechanical age. Richelieu, who wished

to organise everything in France for the greater glory of the kingdom, found his opportunity to deal with literature in a little coterie which cultivated the Muses at the house of one Valentin Conrart, whom he asked if he would not like to convert it into an official body. There was no means of declining a proposal made by the Cardinal. Preoccupied solely with the grandeur of France, he felt that supremacy in arms did not suffice. France must be first also in letters and in arts, and in order that its literature should command the respect of Europe its language must be rendered worthy of this high mission. Thus the Academy was founded by Louis XIII with his "well-beloved cousin the Cardinal Duc de Richelieu" as its protector—and Conrart as its first Perpetual Secretary—to cleanse the French language from impurity, to render it capable of the loftiest eloquence, so that in its perfection as a classical tongue it might succeed to the place once held by Latin, as Latin had succeeded to Greek.

The names of few of the original "Forty" convey much idea to the minds even of their most cultivated successors. Three of them are well known to all students of French literature: Voiture chiefly because of his association with the Hôtel de Rambouillet; Balzac, another familiar of the Précieuses, of whom it has been said that French prose owes as much to him as French

poetry does to Malherbe, who died seven years before the Academy was born; and Vaugelas who, Voltaire said, was the first French author to write a book with purity of language. This great grammarian was practically the founder of the Dictionary, which he took in hand in 1639 and which still occupies the Thursdays of the French Academy when there are no elections or other pressing work. After Richelieu was dead illustrious names became frequent on its rolls, and by the end of the seventeenth century it had counted Corneille and Racine among dramatists, La Fontaine and Boileau among poets, Bossuet, Fléchier, and Fénelon among divines, Colbert the statesman, and La Bruyère the philosopher. For forty-two years of his reign Louis XIV was protector of the Academy. He was proud of it as one of the glories of his kingdom, and provided it with a permanent habitation at the Louvre, where it remained for 120 years, until it was disturbed by the Convention, as we have seen, in 1793.

Fewer illustrious names are found among the academicians elected in the first part of the eighteenth century. They include those of Massillon, Bishop of Clermont, whose sermons, known in their collected form as the *Petit Carême*, were preached in vain to the young Louis XV; and Montesquieu, who was elected nine years later, in

1728. For some time he was the only philosopher of the new order admitted. But when Louis XV was about half-way through his reign, things became lively at the French Academy. Philosophy was conquering public opinion and wanted to take possession of the royal foundation. The battle was waged over the candidature of Voltaire. He first came forward in 1732, after his exile in England, when he was known as the author of the *Henriade* and of *Zaïre*. Before he was elected, after two defeats, he had become without rival the greatest writer of his time, and his authority was supreme in Europe. In 1747, after writing an open letter expressing his respect for religion and his affection for the Jesuits, he was admitted. His election was followed by those of Duclos the same year and of d'Alembert in 1754, each of whom became in turn Perpetual Secretary of the Academy. So the victory of the philosophic party was complete, though Diderot was one of the Encyclopædists who never gained admission. D'Alembert played a greater part in the Academy than Voltaire, who was rarely in Paris, and after he left the court of Prussia he held his own court, for the last twenty years of his life, at Ferney near Geneva. D'Alembert was passionately attached to the philosophic doctrines which he had set forth in his Preface to the Encyclopædia. He made use of the Academy to propagate them in a tone more moderate than

that of Voltaire, and more efficacious in a cultivated circle. After he became Perpetual Secretary there was rarely a sitting at which he did not find some official pretext for a subtle exposition of his opinions.

The Academy, after the entry of the philosophers, remained what it had been during its previous century of existence, a salon—the most elegant and the most authoritative ever known. As Taine says, "urbanity and exactitude," two words which came into being at the same time as the Academy, sum up the reform which it imposed upon the French language; and this work, begun by the very first academicians, Vaugelas and Conrart, was continued by the philosophers, notably by Voltaire, in his commentary on Corneille, and by Duclos, *Historiographe de France.* But from the moment when the philosophers entered the Academy its great constructive work of the architecture of the French language was accompanied by a destructive work, which swiftly undermined and finally shattered the architecture of French government. The system of words, which these experts polished and arranged so that each had its full value and force in the scheme of language, came, in its perfection, to be used as the most powerful instrument ever devised for the propagation of ideas—ideas so subversive that they brought to the ground the national edifice which had grown up with the monarchy in the

course of centuries. In the crash, the royal foundation of Louis XIII and of Richelieu, though not quite demolished, did not escape the ruin which its members had helped to make inevitable.

Meanwhile, in the last days of Louis XV, the philosophers had got the upper hand in the Academy, and it never was so fashionable as when they were hastening on the Revolution. The sovereigns of Europe who came to Paris, some of them attracted by the new ideas, did not fail to attend the sittings at the Louvre, where they were received with complimentary ceremony. The traditions of these royal visits still survive, and to-day the only strangers admitted to ordinary meetings of the French Academy are monarchs who come to Paris to study the advantages of republican government. The popularity of the public receptions reached its height when Condorcet took his seat in 1782. He might have been elected sooner but for his outspoken hostility to the Court; for his mathematical genius had opened to him the Académie des Sciences when he was twenty-four. In his speech, on taking his place among the Forty, he hailed the new reign of philosophy, in the consoling certainty, he said, that, under its benign influence, never again would be repeated the massacres and proscriptions which had soiled the annals of humanity. In studying mathematics he had not acquired the gift of prophecy. Twelve years later, a proscribed

fugitive, hiding in a village inn near Paris, he took his life to escape being massacred by the disciples of the philosophers come to power.

When the Marquis de Condorcet was making the discovery—which has since become common knowledge—that it is a less misfortune to be a liberal philosopher under absolute monarchy than under popular government, the French Academy was sinking to its lowest period of obscurity. The Company which Chancellor Maupeou had thought of suppressing for its republican tendencies was regarded by the First Republic as a relic of the monarchy to be abolished. From 1789 its vacant places were no longer filled by new elections, and most of the surviving members were dispersed. The weekly meetings continued at the Louvre, but on January 21, 1793, none took place. That day, at the other end of the Tuileries Gardens, the pupils of the philosophers were putting to death the protector of the Academy, Louis XVI. The sittings were resumed later, and in that week of August when Marie Antoinette was handed over to the Revolutionary Tribunal, four academicians were present at the last meeting of the Academy before its suppression. The names of those unperturbed sages deserve to be remembered. They were the Abbé Morellet, whose renown was then world-wide as one of d'Holbach's literary circle and as the friend of Shelburne and of Frank-

lin; Bréquigny, an aged orientalist and historian, born in the reign of Louis XIV; Ducis, the adapter of Shakespeare, to whom, as Sainte-Beuve said, the idea of learning English never occurred; and La Harpe, in turn Voltairian, demagogue, and fervent Christian. There is a fine page of his on this subject of the relations of the Academy with the Revolution, *La prophétie de Cazotte*, which he invented during the Directory. It describes a brilliant company of academicians and ladies of the Court assembled in 1788; and Cazotte, who professed the gift of second sight, predicts to the joyous band of sceptics what their fate will be, within six years, when the great work of emancipation, prepared by the Academy, is done. He sees among the academicians present, Malesherbes, Bailly, and Nicolai on the scaffold, and, seeking voluntary death to avoid the guillotine, Condorcet, Vicq d'Azyr, and Chamfort.

Three days after the select meeting which La Harpe attended with three colleagues, the French Academy was suppressed. It temporarily lost its name and reappeared, as we have seen, in an attenuated form as the Third Class of the new National Institute. Certain lists of the occupants of the Forty chairs since 1635 give about twenty names of academicians as having been elected in 1795, the year of the foundation of the Institute. In lists which seem to be more authentic the date

generally appended to these names is 1803, the year when the First Consul reorganised the Institute. In the disarray of the period such confusion is inevitable. The important point to notice, as a proof of the continuity of the French Academy, is that when its remnants were placed in the Second Class of the reconstituted Institute in 1803, thirteen members remained of the old Académie Française. Two of them, La Harpe and Saint-Lambert, an aged poet, died that year, leaving eleven to carry on the succession. Of these I can find only five who, elected to the royal foundation before the Revolution, survived till its re-establishment by Louis XVIII in 1816. They were d'Aguesseau, grandson of the Chancellor ; the Chevalier de Boufflers, a facile writer of epigrams for the old Court, who did the same service for the Bonapartes when he returned from Emigration ; Suard, a minor philosopher, whose election, vetoed by Louis XV, had been ratified by Louis XVI ; Roquelaure, whom Napoleon made Archbishop of Malines, Louis XV having made him Bishop of Senlis before Napoleon was born ; and Ducis, one of the faithful four whom we saw at the last meeting of the old Academy in 1793. They were not a very august band to represent the lustre of their predecessors either of the Grand Siècle or of the philosophic epoch. Yet they sufficed to maintain the continuity of Richelieu's foundation ; and if any

church could give as good an account of its apostolic succession that subject would have roused less controversy in the course of ages.

These veterans of the old Academy had not many colleagues added to them, in the Literary Class of the Institute, whose fame was superior to theirs. There was Garat, who announced the death sentence to Louis XVI, Merlin, a president of the Convention, and Sieyès who voted for it, the latter indeed having conspicuous literary qualifications. There was also Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, who had lived retired from politics during the Revolution and who deserved immortality for his *Paul et Virginie.* Only one name more famous than his was added to the roll during this intermediary period—that of Chateaubriand. He was elected in 1811, on Napoleon's recommendation, to succeed Marie-Joseph Chénier, the poet and regicide, who seems to have entered the Institute in 1795, the year after his brother André Chénier, a milder revolutionary and a better poet, was guillotined on the eve of the fall of Robespierre. Chateaubriand, in his discourse on taking his seat, intended to attack the memory of Chénier, who had been blamed by some for the death of his brother, thus reviving a painful controversy about the unwilling share Marie-Joseph was said to have had in André's untimely end. This the Emperor would not allow. So Chateaubriand was not received

until the Restoration had re-established the old Academy.

Napoleon was urged to give it back its old name and position by his brother Lucien, who came into the Institute in 1803. Nothing would have pleased him better than to pose as the successor of Richelieu and of Louis XIV combined, by being the new founder and the protector of the French Academy. It was too great a breach for him to make with the Revolution, in 1803, when he was still First Consul of the Republic. But his Second Class of the Institute was permitted to resume certain attributes of the old Academy, such as the solemn reception of new members and the work upon the Dictionary. Lucien's efforts were not requited with gratitude when, at the Restoration, he was removed from the Company together with Sieyès, Cambacérès, Merlin, and seven others, who were held to be too deeply compromised in the events which had taken place while the Most Christian King had been absent from his realm.

When Louis XVIII recovered the throne of his fathers he lost little time in renewing the old title and privileges of the Académie Française. Under his sign manual the resumption of its old statutes, with some modifications, was approved, and among the ancient honours confirmed to the Academy were those of being admitted "to harangue the King" on certain solemn occasions. Some of

these old privileges have fallen into disuse. But the election of an Academician is still submitted to the approval of the Chief of the State under the Third Republic, to whom, as though he were King of France and Navarre, the new Immortal is presented, by a deputation in academic uniform, with courtly ceremonial.

In addition to its privileges and its ancient name the Academy received, in the early days of the Restoration, another benefit which gave joy to its members. M. de Monthyon, the benevolent intendant of Auvergne, had in 1782 endowed the Academy with a prize for literary merit and a prize for virtue. Then when the troubles came which closed the Academy, he followed into exile his royal master, the Comte d'Artois, with whom he came back at the Restoration. So rejoiced was he to see the Academy reinstated that at his death, in 1820, he left a large sum as a perpetual endowment of the Monthyon prizes. This is one of the early examples of rich legacies left to the Institute of France for the foundation of prizes, of which it has now more at its disposal than any other learned body in Europe. A peculiar advantage of the Monthyon endowment is that it provides for a eulogy of the virtuous laureates of the year, to be pronounced in annual rotation by each Academician if he survives to have a turn. Hence it sometimes happens that an author is called upon to extol

virtues which are not illustrated by his own creations. M. de Mun in receiving a new colleague not long ago told him, with frank austerity, that it was only because he was an old captain of cuirassiers that he had been able to read some of his essays in libertinage; and the talented author so rebuked by the eloquent Christian orator, will one day, if he lives, have to make a public eulogy of virtues and the virtuous.

One tradition the Restoration did not bring back to the French Academy. It failed to raise it out of the obscurity into which, from lack of eminent names on its roll, it had fallen in the revolutionary and Napoleonic periods. By subjecting it to political influence the royal government tended to make the Academy a poor imitation of what it was in the dull period between the end of the Regency and the election of Voltaire. Villemain, whose liberalism soon lost him the favour of the Court; Casimir Delavigne, who had not yet written his *Enfants d'Edouard;* Royer-Collard, the leader of the "Doctrinaires"; Barante, the historian, who took his motto from Quintilian, "Scribitur ad narrandum non ad probandum"; these were almost the only names which under the Restoration relieve the Academic selections from barrenness until 1829, the last year of the old dynasty, when Lamartine came in.

From that moment a new era began for the

French Academy, and before the Monarchy of 1830 ended, for the first time since Richelieu received his letters patent, half the forty chairs were filled by famous men. In succession were elected Victor Cousin, Thiers, Scribe, Guizot, Mignet, Molé, Victor Hugo, Tocqueville, Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée, Alfred de Vigny, Ampère—to name only a dozen. Among future academicians already distinguished, who entered the Academy after Louis Philippe had gone the way of the legitimate kings, were Alfred de Musset, Montalembert, Sandeau, Ponsard, Augier, Lacordaire, and Berryer. So brilliant was this epoch in French literature that there were names never to be inscribed on the lists of the Academy which would have made the renown of a less-favoured time—Stendhal, Balzac, Dumas père, Théophile Gautier, Michelet, Thierry, Béranger, Lamennais.

The question arises, what had the Academy to do with this outburst of literary genius? I am inclined to think that, while its influence was excellent in the reign of Louis Philippe, the Academy was the reflection rather than the cause, of the lustre of an exceptional period. Brilliant as was its composition, it could not perform the functions which we saw fulfilled by the Academy of the eighteenth century—either in bringing to perfection the French language, the structure of which was now complete, or in maturing a school

of doctrine destined to change the history of the nation. Some writers have found an analogy between the entry of the philosophers into the Academy under Louis XV, and that of the romantics under Louis Philippe, comparing the two rejections of Voltaire before he was admitted with the three endured by Victor Hugo. There is little analogy between the cases. The philosophers, after Voltaire's election in 1747, took possession of the Academy and made it a seminary for the propagation of their ideas, out of which came the Revolution. The election of Victor Hugo in 1841 was no doubt a triumph for the romantics, and also a sign that the day was done of the old classical ideal, which the philosophers had severely damaged. But although Victor Hugo's election was followed by those of Mérimée, Vigny, and Musset, the romantics in no sense took possession of the Academy. From that time to this it has not been the exclusive home of any particular sect. It has opened its doors to men of talent of every school of thought, doctrine, and method.

At the same time, under the Second Empire, while foregoing none of its comprehensive character, the French Academy became a stronghold of opposition to the Imperial government. The dictatorship of Louis Bonaparte as President of the Second Republic had not prepossessed in his favour a body which contained scarcely any Bonapartists. So

even before he was made Emperor, the Academy was prepared with a policy of hostility, so adroitly organised as to be invulnerable. The first attack was made in 1852 when Montalembert was received by Guizot his old adversary in educational controversy. The unrestrained colloquy between these two notable orators was an eloquent protest against the silence imposed on all other gatherings of Frenchmen, by the government which dared not interfere with the free-speech of Academicians except by mutilating in the newspapers the reports of their discourses. Public political life being extinguished in France, in the legislature and on the platform, while the press was restrained by censorship, the Academy became the refuge for its oratorical and literary expression. The next reception was that of Berryer the leader of the Bar, which alone with the Academy guarded the privilege of free-speech, his sponsors being Guizot and Montalembert. The Royalist advocate further asserted his independence by declining to be presented after his election to the Emperor, who wished to maintain the traditional practice of the old kings of France. Silvestre de Sacy, the editor of the *Journal des Débats*, chief organ of the opposition, was next chosen. Then came Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, and the Duc de Broglie, son-in-law of Mme de Staël, who were followed by Falloux. So each election was made a triumph for a member of the opposition

and each reception a veiled oratorical attack upon the Empire.

The government from time to time thought of taking measures against the Academy with the arbitrary power with which it had stifled other associations. It wisely refrained from bringing ridicule upon itself by a conflict between the upstart Empire, which was in want of prestige, and the most venerable corporation of France, which had at its command the sharpest pens and tongues in the land. In the course of time it was seen that the opposition of the Academy was more irritating than dangerous to the Empire. The gifted men of various parties who, beneath the protecting dome of the Institute, fired off their stinging allusions and epigrams at Napoleon III, were united only in their opposition to his government. On dynastic and on religious questions they had no unity of purpose. Hence there is no analogy to be drawn between the action of the French Academy under the Second Empire and its action in the last years of the ancient monarchy, when the philosophers were unanimous in the propagation of a revolutionary doctrine. No doubt the persistent opposition of the Academy to the Second Empire, which went on until the election of Prévost-Paradol in 1865 and of Jules Favre in 1867, contributed largely to its unpopularity and so determined the war which brought it to an end. Yet it is certain

that not one in twenty of the Academicians who, by speech or by writing, hastened the fall of the Second Empire, had the least notion or desire that his action would help to the establishment of a Republic.

The French Academy under the Third Republic will be referred to later. It is now time to mention the constitution of the other Academies which compose the Institute.

The second of the classes of the Institute in point of antiquity is the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres—usually called the Académie des Inscriptions. The signification of its title is a puzzle even to many educated Frenchmen, who, knowing that its members are learnèd in dead languages, imagine that their occupation is the deciphering of ancient inscriptions. But it was for the invention of inscriptions that the Academy was founded by Louis XIV in 1663.

When living in Paris I was a faithful frequenter of the Hôtel Drouot, that house of dusty sale-rooms where many of the treasures of Europe exchange hands. It is a wonderful place for bargains—for the assiduous and the patient. One day there was knocked down to me a superb old folio, bound in crimson and emblazoned with the lilies of France, showing that it had stood in a royal library or had

been the gift of a prince. It was the record of the first achievements of the Academy of Inscriptions, and is entitled "Médailles sur les Principaux Évènements du règne entier de Louis le Grand avec des explications historiques." The book is signed by "Rigaud, directeur de l'Imprimerie Royale," and dated 1723.

Three hundred spacious pages are each bordered with an exquisite frieze of different pattern, which serves as a frame for a fine engraving of a medal with explanatory text. The first celebrates the Birth of the King in 1638, "Ludovicus Delphinus" presented to Anne of Austria by an angel, with the legend *Munus Cœli.* The last records his death in 1715, *Suprema virtutum merces,* with an effigy of Louis the Great borne to the skies by a deputation of the heavenly host as the supreme reward of his virtues. The book rivals any work of Tacitus himself in its collection of terse Latinity in the inscriptions.

Of the 318 medals reproduced in the volume, the first seventy were not issued by the Academy, though many of them were the creation of members of that body. Beneath the engraving of a medal bearing the date 1663 and the inscription *Rerum gestarum fides* a note informs us that it was struck in honour of the foundation of the "Académie des Inscriptions et des Médailles." It goes on to say that France had not yet taken

sufficient care to bequeath to posterity a just idea of its grandeur. The most glorious events ran the risk of oblivion because their memory was not preserved in marble or in bronze. So the King thought it good for the nation to found an Academy which should produce inscriptions, devices, and medals with the good taste and noble simplicity which give its value to that class of work. To that end the King had chosen a small number of members of the French Academy to form this new company.

At first it was known as "La Petite Académie," and it used to meet in Colbert's library at the Louvre. The great minister himself, a cultivated patron of art and letters, transmitted to it the commands of the King, and in the summer he used to invite the medallists to pursue their labours in his fine château at Sceaux. The scope of their work was soon extended to the choice of subjects for allegorical tapestries ordered by the King, to the organisation of classical spectacles at Versailles, and even to the designing of the costumes in mythological ballets. The diversity of the services demanded from the members, compelled them to widen their researches. The treasures of antiquity had to be ransacked. Not only the classical authors but the relics of Greek and Latin art had to be minutely studied—the coins and medals of ancient Rome, the sculpture of ancient Greece. After the death of

Colbert the relative austerity of the latter years of Louis XIV might have put an end to the Academy, for want of subjects to employ it. One of the minor ministers who succeeded the great Colbert was the Chancellor de Pontchartrain. He became the protector of the Academy and saved it from extinction by adding to its members several persons of influence at the Court. One of them was his nephew, the Abbé Bignon, librarian to the King, and by his aid the Academy, founded for a temporary purpose was raised to the dignity of a permanent institution of the State. On July 16, 1701, a royal ordinance organised the Académie des Inscriptions et Médailles on a very practical scheme, which was necessary for the immense programme of erudition proposed for it. The scope of its labours so increased that in 1716, the first year of the reign of Louis XV, it received its more comprehensive title of Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, which it still illustrates. It was at this period that the Academy began to supervise the researches of travellers in Greece, and in the old Roman Empire, with results most beneficial to the science of reconstituting antiquity. Later its studies were extended to the living and dead languages and civilisations of the Orient.

There was one member in the eighteenth century who adorned both branches of classical learning cultivated by the Academy of Inscriptions and

whose love of the humanities had influence, which he did not anticipate, on the movement destined to change the history of France. This was the Abbé Barthélemy, keeper of the King's medals, who was elected in 1747, about which time he also became a member of the Royal Society and the Society of Antiquaries in England. He was one of the first, of the long list of Frenchmen to win fame by works of excavation on the sites of ruined or buried cities. His researches at Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Paestum added twenty thousand specimens to the collection in his charge. To the royal pensions, with which he was generously rewarded, he owed thirty years of affluence employed by him in writing his *Travels of the Young Anacharsis in Greece.* This attractive picture of life in the Greek republics was published on the eve of the Revolution. The classical allusions which inflate the oratory of the revolutionary assemblies were frequently drawn from Anacharsis. Indeed the Abbé Barthélemy owed his escape from the massacres of September 1792 to the renown of his book, which had enabled the overturners of the monarchy to evoke the humane culture and purity of republican government.

In spite of the remarkable influence which this royal pensioner unwittingly exercised to the prejudice of the monarchy, by his romantic account of the republics of Athens and Sparta, M. Georges

Perrot, the learned Secretary of the Academy of Inscriptions, thinks that Barthélemy did more for the exact knowledge of Greek institutions by two or three of his memoranda on Attic and other inscriptions, than by the popular success of his *Anacharsis*. In this direction he led the way for the researches of d'Ansse de Villoison, who in the opinion of the same authority was the only profound Greek scholar in France in the eighteenth century. The standard of the former director of the old École Normale is a high one, he being the first Hellenist in France of to-day. In the world of pure scholarship and research there are no frontiers and no national prejudices. So, as M. Perrot recognises the superiority of certain classical scholars in other lands than France, we may accept with confidence his opinion that the precursor of Niebuhr and Mommsen was a member of the Academy of Inscriptions,—Lévesque de Pouilly who, years before Barthélemy was known, read to the Company a dissertation in which he demolished the traditional history of the kings of Rome and of the two first centuries of the Roman Republic.

The classical studies of the Academy were so absorbing that its members pursued them undismayed by the tumult and peril of the Revolution. Once indeed they had to give up their ordinary meeting. It was on the 10th of August 1792, the day of the sack of the Tuileries; so the Louvre was

inaccessible amid the cannonading and the carnage. After the downfall of the monarchy that day, the Academy remained obedient to its royal regulations, and took its annual holiday, which was abolished later. So it missed being in session during the massacres of September. Some weeks later it opened the academical year with the prescribed ceremonial, and at that sitting instructive papers were read on the Emperor Hadrian and on Aristophanes.

On January 22, 1793, the day after Louis XVI was guillotined at the other end of the Tuileries gardens, old Bréquigny whom we saw, one of the faithful four, at the final meeting of the French Academy before its dissolution, read a paper on the "Successive projects of marriage between Elizabeth, Queen of England, and the Duc d'Anjou and the Duc d'Alençon." This question of dynastic alliance—a curious subject to discuss on the day after the King's execution—shows how extensive was the field of inquiry which came within the province of the Academy of Inscriptions. It had been founded to celebrate the grandeur of Louis XIV. Its members were first chosen for their classical learning, which might be applied to the composition of Latin inscriptions for medals and public buildings commemorating the glories of the reign. Then the histories of Greece and Rome were studied to provide parallels symbolic of the

acts and gestures of the great King. Finally the Academicians were set to work upon the whole history of the realm of France, from its origin to its culminating splendour in the reign of Louis XIV. A large proportion of the documents relating to French history were written in Latin, which had also been the language of diplomatic treaties. So classical scholarship was essential to those who made researches in this branch of learning. Louis XIV and his glories had been buried at Saint Denis seventy-seven years before his descendant was beheaded within sight of the roofs of the Louvre. But his tradition lingered in his ancient palace, within the Academies he had housed there, and Bréquigny was a man of wide erudition capable of guarding that tradition in forgetfulness of what was happening around him. He was equally familiar with Arabic parchments, Greek and Latin codices, or the archives of the Renaissance — having worked for years in the Tower of London on the manuscripts stored there "ad res Franciscas spectantia." So on January 22, 1793, when he came to the Louvre and found the Academy of Inscriptions in session—after his disappointment of the day before, when the French Academy had failed to sit—he no doubt felt that it was fitting to take up the thread of his researches and to point out to the attenuated quorum of his colleagues the importance of the negotiations between Elizabeth and the

Valois, on the destinies of the royal line of France —which had just received a rude interruption.

The Academy of Inscriptions got back to its classical subjects before its dissolution on the eve of the Terror. Its last sitting took place on August 2, 1793, a fortnight after the execution of Charlotte Corday. Sainte-Croix, a classical scholar—whose talent was as eclectic as that of Bréquigny, his subjects ranging from the sacred books of India to the Treaty of Paris of 1763—discoursed on the Amphyctionic Council. Five members of the Academy of Inscriptions were guillotined; so it suffered less severely than the French Academy, which lost seven of its members on the scaffold.

The serenity with which academicians pursued their collective studies amid the storm of the French Revolution has more than an anecdotal interest. It illustrates the first words of this essay, to the effect that the French Institute is the guardian of tradition, in a nation which has sought to sever itself from its great past by violent and abnormal action. The tradition sustained by these old savants of the eighteenth century is not merely that which the accident of longevity has passed down through very few hands, from the age of Richelieu to our mechanical age—though some of the names just mentioned form remarkable links in the academic chain. For example, Bréquigny, was born in the reign of Louis XIV,—who had seen the

founders of the French Academy and had himself founded the Academy of Inscriptions in 1663,—and lived until 1795, when Andrieux, the author of several pieces played at the Français, became a member of the Institute. The successor of Andrieux at the French Academy in 1833 was Thiers, who to-day has five of his colleagues still left in different classes of the Institute.

The particular tradition to which I refer is independent of the abnormally long life which many members of the French Institute enjoy. It is the tradition, handed on by one generation of erudite Frenchmen to the next, of assiduous and absorbing labour—of that diligence which has its home and shelter in the Academies composing the Institute. If the French language has no word for "home," the Dictionary of the Academy ought to provide one to connote the sheltering, protecting quality with which the Classes of the Institute sustain their members. The feeling which an Academy inspires in many of its members is not that of a club or of a mutual improvement society, but that of a home and of a sanctuary of labour. So it was quite natural for old academicians, on the worst days of the Revolution, even when the Place Louis XV was wet with the blood of the King, to repair to their quiet resort and there discuss questions which had been the occupation of their lives, whatever brawls disturbed the streets.

The detachment from surrounding circumstances, which many French savants displayed on such occasions, could be possible only in the case of men who had devoted all the force of their will and intelligence to the studies of their choice. That power of concentration is a precious possession of learned Frenchmen, and its encouragement has been one of the great benefits bestowed on the nation by its Academies. Even to this day there are academicians, notably in the Academy of Inscriptions, whose whole life is wrapped up in their researches, the first results of which they never fail to submit to their colleagues in the Palais Mazarin.

Bréquigny may be cited as a good example of those Frenchmen who are willing to toil with Benedictine zeal for learning's sake, without attaining popular celebrity thereby. His work in London has been mentioned. It was the year after the Peace of 1763 that the French government sent him to England, to examine the manuscripts in the Tower relating to France. There in a neglected attic he found, deep in dust, a vast mass of documents, and there he spent three years arranging and deciphering them, regardless of the results of the Seven Years' War which had just transferred Canada from France to England, and indifferent to the fall of Rockingham or the rise of Chatham. It must not be thought that French

savants of this type, which still survives, are unpolished recluses, because of their indifference to contemporary events. Nor do they resemble in their personal habits the professors of Germany and of other lands, where the complement of learning is a neglect of social amenity. A contemporary of Bréquigny, recording the tranquillity of his last days amid the storm of the Revolution, said that his amiable and attaching disposition caused him to be sought after by all who knew him. That tribute may be offered to many learned men in France to-day, who know nothing of contemporary domestic politics and whose fame is European. The French Academy has always done itself great honour by including in its ranks a certain number of the members of other Classes of the Institute more famed than it for depth of learning. But as we have seen its general attitude has not been that of detachment from current affairs, which is conspicuous in the annals of the Academy of Inscriptions.

The Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres had its old name restored by the royal ordinance of March 20, 1816. To record its history since then would be to write the history of French erudition in the last hundred years. The names of Eugène Burnouf, of Ernest Renan, and of William Henry Waddington—whom England and Cambridge can

also claim—suffice to tell of the work done in the field of oriental and classical antiquity by the Academy of Inscriptions. The French Schools of Archæology at Rome and at Athens, which are under the scientific direction of the Academy, display its importance as a national institution in the domain of research. In more recent years a similar school has been founded at Hanoi to organise the study of oriental antiquity in the Far East. The teaching bodies of all these establishments are nominated by the Academy of Inscriptions.

At the present hour when the study of Greek and Latin is being displaced in the French systems of secondary and superior education, it is a consolation to know that Paris can still justify its claim to be the capital of Latin civilisation by the existence within its walls of the Academy of Inscriptions—the home of the humanities, the inviolable sanctuary of classical learning. Yet, whatever the personal regret felt by any of us at the displacement of the study of the ancient classics, by subjects of education which daily are becoming of more practical importance, under the rapid development of the mechanical age, the most devoted advocate of the classical tradition cannot ignore that the future of the human race lies in the domain of scientific invention and discovery. So henceforth, of all the classes of the French

Institute, the one destined to play the greatest part in the progress of civilisation is the Academy of Science.

The Academy of Science was founded in 1666 nominally by Louis XIV, in reality by his minister Colbert, who gave minute care to the details of its organisation. The Academy is thus a few years junior to the Royal Society which was founded at the Restoration of the Stuarts. There was an older society, in which Descartes, who died in 1650, and Pascal, who died in 1662, used to discuss scientific questions, of which the Academy might be considered the continuation. But the Academy of Science does not dispute the seniority of our great scientific corporation, and at the centenary of the Institute of France, celebrated in 1895, it gallantly saluted the Royal Society of London as the *doyenne* of learned societies in Europe.

Louis XIV was not a protector of scientific study, as he was of literature and the fine arts. One of his acts of policy, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, drove from France several of the most learned members of the Academy of Science. It is said that this proscription prevented a number of foreign savants, among them Leibnitz, from becoming Frenchmen, when they were ready to be naturalised in order to enjoy full membership of

the Academy of Science. The repeal of the tolerant edict of Henry IV did not similarly derange the studies of the Academy of Inscriptions. It gave it more work to do. In 1666 the Academy of Inscriptions had invented a fine medal in honour of the foundation of the Academy of Science—*Naturae investigandae et perficiendis artibus*—with Minerva throned amidst a sphere, a retort, and a skeleton, symbolic of astronomy, chemistry, and anatomy. In 1685, with its detachment from political controversy which we have noticed, it produced three medals, inscribed respectively: *Extincta haeresis*, *Religio victrix*, and *Ob vicies centena milia Calvinianorum ad ecclesiam revocata*. The usual terseness of the Latin composed by the Academy of Inscriptions is lacking in the legend to commemorate the gentle conversion of two million Calvinists. The next year the Academy of Inscriptions celebrated, with another medal, an event more pleasing to the Academy of Science, when the astronomers of that Company discovered five satellites of Saturn.

The seventeenth century was not a period of specialism in the Academy of Science. At first all its members worked in common, and no one of them was allowed to sign alone a memorandum of any experiment or discovery he had made. Yet specialism was making its appearance,—though its name did not enter the French language for nearly two hundred years. In 1699 the Academy moved

from the Bibliothèque du Roi, its early meeting-place, to the Louvre where a fine apartment, spacious enough for its increased number of members, was prepared by Mansart, the architect of Versailles. There, when the seats were assigned to the Academicians, a geometrician was put next to an anatomist, and so on, so that neighbours at the table, not being interested in the same subjects, were not tempted to waste time in vain private conversation. Yet the advance of specialism was so far recognised that by the regulations of 1699 the Academy was divided into six sections of Geometry, Astronomy, Mechanics, Anatomy, Chemistry, and Botany. The work in common was not discontinued, and M. Darboux, the distinguished mathematical Secretary of the Academy, writing recently of the proceedings of the Company a hundred years later, said: "The time is past when a Laplace, a Cuvier, or an Arago could deliver a judgment on any scientific research."

This division into sections marks an essential difference of organisation between the two academies which we have examined and the three others. In the Academy of Science there are two principal divisions, that of Mathematical Science, and that of Physical Science, each having its own perpetual secretary. These are subdivided into the sections of Geometry, Mechanics, Astronomy, Geography and Navigation, General Physics, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Botany, Rural Economy, Anatomy and

Zoology, and Medicine and Surgery. Thus the six sections of 1699 have been increased to eleven.

We have seen how the Revolution favoured the Academy of Science, by putting it at the head of the classes of the newly established Institute in 1795. Yet two of the most illustrious Academicians who perished under the Terror, Condorcet and Lavoisier, were members of the Academy of Science as well as of the French Academy. Their colleague Buffon, who also had that double distinction, escaped the perils of the Revolution by dying on its eve, leaving an only son to perish on the scaffold where his last words were: "Citoyens, je me nomme Buffon."

In the archives of the Academy of Science there are two interesting relics of the revolutionary period. The one is the roll of attendance of members on 6 Nivose An VI (December 26, 1797) on which the signature of Bonaparte is inscribed near the end of the list, above those of Berthollet and Monge. The other is his letter of the same day beginning "Citoyen Président" conveying his thanks to the Company for his election. The young victor of Castiglione and Rivoli had arrived in Paris from Italy only three weeks before. On December 10th he was presented to the Directors not by the minister of War, but by Talleyrand, minister for Foreign Affairs. Barras had arranged that he should be welcomed not as a victorious

general, but as the citizen of the Republic who had negotiated the Peace of Campo Formio. It was in this pacific capacity that Bonaparte was elected Member of the Institute, in the class of Science and in the section of Mechanics as successor to Carnot, the "Organiser of Victory," who was temporarily excluded, having been exiled by his colleagues of the Directory. Berthollet the illustrious chemist and Monge the mathematician and founder of the École Polytechnique, who signed the roll near his name, had both been in Italy with him to supervise the conveyance to France of some of the artistic spoils of war, and both were to accompany him to Egypt. Monge had been a member of the Academy of Science since 1780; Berthollet was an original member of the first Class of the Institute constituted in 1795. It was simply as a distinguished citizen with an aptitude for mechanics that Bonaparte entered the Institute. His letter of thanks for his election testifies to the pacific yearnings of the new member. In the interval between his campaigns of Italy and Egypt he declares that the only true conquests which leave no regret are those over ignorance—which mild commonplace may still be read in the archives of the Academy of Science, written in the flowing hand of his newly acquired secretary Bourienne and signed "Bonaparte."

We have noticed the proceedings of certain

Academicians at the moment when Louis XVI was put to death; so it may be interesting to observe that the first public appearance of Napoleon as a Member of the Institute, about four weeks after his admission to that body, was on the anniversary of the King's execution. The 21st of January was kept as a fête by the Directory, and in reply to Talleyrand's invitation to take part in it, the young general demurred to the celebration. The government, for obvious reasons, did not wish the popular hero to stay away, and Talleyrand found a compromise by arranging that the Institute should be present and should bring in its train its junior member. So it was as an expert in mechanical science that Bonaparte, Member of the Institute, attended the regicide fête, where he made a speech of pronounced republicanism.

Such were Napoleon's first associations with the Institute of France. His election to the Class of Physical and Mathematical Science was of value to him at a time when it was useful for the conqueror, already recognised as the saviour of revolutionary France, to occupy an honourable public position unconnected with the jealousy-inspiring glory of his first campaign. It was natural that in reorganising the Institute in 1803, when he was First Consul, he retained the old Academy of Science, which had received him, as the First Class of the Institute. He could know or care little

about the literary work of the old French Academy, which, as we have seen, the Convention reduced to the Third Class. As Barras, the powerful Director in 1798, had said, the French of the Corsican artillery-man left much to be desired,—Barras, who two years earlier was his arrogant patron, giving him the discarded Josephine, with the command of the army of Italy as a wedding-gift; Barras, who two years later was to be the disdained victim of the First Consul. It was also on its merits that the old Academy of Science, apart from any question of tradition, was kept at the head of the Institute. All the other Classes combined had not such an illustrious array of names as those of Bonaparte, Monge, Carnot, Berthollet, Laplace, and Cuvier. The favour shown by Napoleon to men of science places him as a precursor of the mechanical age. Perhaps he divined that the works of science, in less than a century from his era, would let loose a flood of revolution, compared with which the French Revolution, which created him, was a mere ripple on the ocean of human progress.

While the superior distinction of the First Class of the Institute in the early part of the nineteenth century justified its retention in that position by Napoleon, the reorganisation of 1816, which put it back into the third place, was justified on the ground of tradition; for it revived the old name of Académie des Sciences which was con-

ferred upon it in 1666. There is no need to recite the names of the members who have illustrated its annals since it resumed its ancient title. Its connection with the past was remarkably maintained by Michel Chevreul. That high authority in the science of colour, born in the reign of Louis XVI when Buffon was a member of the Academy and when Napoleon was learning mathematics at Brienne, died at the age of 103 in the presidency of Sadi Carnot, the grandson of that famous member of the Institute who had the curious experience of being twice removed from the Academy of Science—once by his regicide colleagues of the Directory, and once, because he was a regicide himself, by Louis XVIII. Of all the names on the rolls of the Academy since it resumed its old title, there are none more illustrious than that of Pasteur. Yet it is possible that in days to come the Academy of Science may contain Frenchmen whose discoveries will be of greater moment to mankind even than his. Herein lies the superiority of this Academy over all the other classes of the Institute. The work undertaken by the other Academies in literature, in fine art, and in philosophy cannot exceed in splendour and in utility that which has been done in the past. The supreme masters in those compartments of human knowledge and culture belong to the silent majority, and their work can never again be surpassed either in its perfection or

in its originality. But the whole expanse of the future is the domain of the Academy of Science. The mechanical age, which is the creation of men of science, is the opening of a new era, in which they and those who profit from their teaching will be the undisputed guides and controllers of human destiny.

The Academy of Fine Arts has considerable claim to a higher place than the fourth among the classes of the Institute; for it might date its foundation to the minority of Louis XIV when the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, under the advice of Mazarin, granted a Charter in 1648 to the Académie Royale of which the chief organiser was Le Brun. Or it might adduce in proof of its foundation in 1663 the beautiful medal, bearing that date, with the inscription *Pictorum et Sculptorum Academia Regia Fundata.* Yet it was not until 1668 that Colbert issued the Charter of the Académie Royale de Peinture et de Sculpture, this being the original foundation of the Académie des Beaux Arts which exists to-day. To give even an outline of the controversies that arose between the academical school of painting and the innovators, would be to recount the history of the Fine Arts in France in the eighteenth century, to say nothing of the rivalries, during that period between

the Academy of Painting and Sculpture and the Academy of Architecture founded in 1571.

The consequence of 1668 being the official date of the foundation of the Académie des Beaux Arts is that it is nearly three years less ancient than its unique and important branch the École Française at Rome. This was founded by Colbert on the advice of Le Brun who—by the liberality of his patron Séguier, the successor of Richelieu as protector of the French Academy—had been able to reside for some time in "the metropolis of art," as Rome was then considered. The statutes of the Academy at Rome were published on February 11, 1666; those of the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris, on December 24, 1668. Since 1804 the École Française at Rome has been installed in the Villa Médicis. It is the most sought after training-school for young French artists. Every year the Academy holds an examination of candidates for the Prix de Rome. It now takes place at the Palace of Compiègne, where the candidates are lodged and isolated during the competition, so that they may be free from the temptation of being helped in designing their prize compositions—in painting, sculpture, architecture, and music. The laureates, as the successful candidates are called, are educated gratuitously at the Villa Médicis for a term of years. The beneficent results of this time-honoured institution may be

seen in the long series of lists of the Prix de Rome which, with continuity of tradition for generations, contain a large proportion of the greatest French names illustrious in the fine arts.

It is not my intention to attempt a sketch of the history of the Academy of Fine Arts. In its barest outline it would be the history of French art for two and a half centuries, interspersed with stories of revolts against academic influence and of malcontent coteries, which if told briefly lose all their particular charm. After being combined with the remains of the old French Academy in the third class of the Institute, created by the Convention in 1795, it obtained its liberty as a separate class of Fine Arts in the reorganisation of the Institute under the Consulate. With the Restoration, in 1816, it was invested once again with its old name of Academy of Fine Arts which attached it to the great traditions of the past.

The Academy of Fine Arts is divided into five sections: Painting, Sculpture, Engraving, Architecture, and Music. A painter is always succeeded by a painter, a musician by a musician, and so on. On a vacancy occurring, the Section to which the late member belonged chooses three or four names out of the list of candidates offering themselves, and the whole Academy votes on the names so selected. As jealousies sometimes arise in artistic circles it may happen that a Section refrains

from nominating a candidate of conspicuous merit and undoubted claims. To meet such cases the whole Academy can exercise the power of adding any name it pleases to the list prepared by the Section. The Academy of Fine Arts has an extra section (as have all the others except the French Academy) consisting of "Académiciens Libres." These are usually persons of some distinction whose qualifications are not easy to classify. In the Academy of Fine Arts some of them are art critics, some of them merely patrons of the arts. It has often been suggested that use should be made of this Section to enable the Institute to pay a compliment to the other stronghold of French tradition, the Théâtre Français, by electing one of its distinguished actors to the Academy of Fine Arts.

The fifth class of the Institute, the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques is the one about which I ought to know most. Its history is short compared with that of the other Academies,—eighty years of continuous existence, with a prologue of seven years in a previous generation. Brief though its annals are, the long list of brilliant names on its roll is out of all proportion to the shortness of its career.

It was, in its origin, the conception of the philosophers of the eighteenth century and the

creation of the Revolution. Before the spread of philosophic doctrine had brought about the upheaval of 1789, the preachers of that doctrine had conceived the idea of founding an Academy of Philosophy. It was an age of intellectual curiosity, and the philosophers in their libraries, unconscious of the storm being roused by the application of their theories, were keenly inquisitive about the elements of human society, which seemed to be entering upon a new phase. They wanted to know more about the social relations of mankind, the philosophic basis of legislation, the sources of the wealth of nations. During the century which preceded the Revolution several attempts were made by grave servants of the monarchy, whose temperament was not revolutionary, to found societies for the discussion of such questions.

No definite plan was proposed until the insatiable Constituent Assembly was attempting in its twenty-seven months of existence to reform the work of eight hundred years. Then in 1791, in the schemes approved by Mirabeau, Talleyrand, and Condorcet for a national Academy, it was proposed that the first section should be assigned to philosophy. The fall of the Monarchy and the Terror intervened. At last on October 25th, 1795, when, as we saw, the Convention voted a law creating the Institute, the second Class of that body was consecrated to "Sciences morales et politiques"

—an expression of respectable antiquity which M. Georges Picot, the lamented Secretary of the Academy, discovered in a document of the sixteenth century relating to the Estates of Orleans. This class of the Institute was divided into six sections: 1. Analysis of sensations and ideas. 2. Moral philosophy or science. 3. Social science and legislation. 4. Political economy. 5. History. 6. Geography. The section of Geography was suppressed; otherwise this is the division, to the present day, of the Academy of Moral and Political Science, the title of the first section now being Philosophy.[1]

The present composition of the Academy does not suggest its revolutionary origin, for it is one of the most conservative bodies in Europe. As the epithet "conservative," both in England and in France, is falling into disuse as a political term it may be used to connote that spirit of moderation which prevails in the Academy of Moral and Political Science. Strange to say that same spirit

[1] The translation of the title of the second section "Morale" is not accurately rendered in English by "Moral Philosophy," and I doubt if "Moral Science" more closely represents it. Among corresponding members of the Academy the late Master of Balliol, Dr. Caird, did not belong to that section, though according to English terminology he was a high authority in Moral Philosophy. He was attached to the section of "Philosophie" which comprises what we call Metaphysic and Moral Philosophy. I have the honour of belonging to the section of "Morale," though I am at a loss for the English equivalent term. Professor Eliot of Harvard is also a corresponding member of that section, which was illustrated by Tocqueville in a past generation.

characterised a number of the original members who were nominated by the Convention, which had created the Committee of Public Safety and the Revolutionary Tribunal. There was Daunou the ex-priest of the Oratory, who risked his life by voting against the death of Louis XVI. In the section of Moral Science there was Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, the author of *Paul et Virginie*, whom the King had made director of the Jardin des Plantes in succession to Buffon. In the section of Legislation, Cambacérès was the perfect type of a revolutionary trimmer, who saved his head during the Terror by being accounted a regicide and saved himself from exile under the Restoration by repudiating the title. As arch-chancellor of the Empire he got a dukedom for himself and a Cardinal's hat for his brother. So in all respects he was a moderate man. Volney's more consistent moderation nearly brought him to the guillotine. It was as a metaphysician that he joined the Institute, though better known as an orientalist and philologist. Sieyès was classed as a political economist, though his prodigious talent was more conspicuous in constitutional questions, and his association with the violent party at the King's trial and under the Terror was due to his circumspect cowardice which got the better of his moderate instincts. To his section were soon added Roederer, a disciple of Adam Smith, who was a cautious

organiser of the finances of the Revolution, and the ever-versatile Talleyrand, who after his election read to his colleagues some instructive papers on commercial relations with the United States. In the section of geography there was Bougainville, who gave his name to a beautiful flower which he brought to Europe, and who before winning fame as a traveller had fought by the side of Montcalm in Canada. Lakanal the organiser of Public Education, a man of moderation though a regicide, and Grégoire the first priest to accept the Civil Constitution of the clergy were among the other members of this Class of the Institute in its revolutionary commencement. Not one of the four old Academies can boast of having started its career with such an array of talent and distinction.

The work of this Class of the Institute in the first period of its existence does not seem to have been as brilliant as the lustre of the names of its members. Several of the most distinguished were too much occupied with politics to have time for academic discussions. Then came the Consulate, and, as we have seen, the First Consul decided to reorganise the Institute. In that reorganisation the Class of Moral and Political Science disappeared. In the archives of the Company there are no reports or other documents to explain its suppression. Napoleon's dislike for ideologues is

well known. The term is said to have been invented by Destutt de Tracy, who had represented the nobles of the Bourbonnais at the States General and had accepted the Revolution. He wrote a book called *Élémens d'idéologie*, being an original member of the Class of Moral and Political Science which had the repute of being full of ideologues. All those who carried on a reasoned opposition to dictatorship were so described by Napoleon, and he seems to have thought that it would be better to dissolve a body, which by its organisation might become a formidable instrument of hostility to his autocratic projects. So the Class was broken up on the 3 Pluviose An XI (January 23, 1803), though a certain number of its members remained in the other four classes of the Institute.

It came to life again in 1832, when Louis Philippe had been two years on the throne. The revolutionary Monarchy owed its foundation to the application of the ideas of philosophers whom Napoleon detested and Louis XVIII feared. So Guizot being minister of Education, on his advice, by a royal ordinance of October 26, 1832, the old class of Moral and Political Science within the Royal Institute of France was re-established as the Academy of Moral and Political Science. Unlike the other four classes of the Institute, which had resumed their academic rank in 1816, it now enjoyed for the first time the title of Academy. The

number of its members was fixed at thirty—which has since been increased to fifty, not counting foreign members. Twelve remained of the old foundation and they formed the nucleus of the Academy. Five of the survivors of the Revolution attended the first meeting, under the presidency of Roederer, born in 1754. Among the dozen were Talleyrand who was at the French Embassy in London; Sieyès who was worn out with age; Destutt de Tracy who had gone blind. Garat, the old Conventional, who announced the death sentence to Louis XVI, had retired to Ustaritz, his native Basque village near Bayonne. Daunou, who had been Keeper of the Archives under the Empire and a deputy of the opposition under the Restoration, became an assiduous frequenter of the Academy, as did Merlin the old president of the Convention who had stood up against Robespierre. One day there arrived at the Palais Mazarin an aged man wearing the ancient uniform prescribed for members of the Institute by the Directory—the same which Napoleon put on when we saw him celebrating the anniversary of the regicide in 1798. It was Lakanal, who exiled in 1816 had gone to America, where hearing that his Class of the Institute had been revived as an Academy, had left his retreat on the Ohio and crossed the ocean—no easy journey in 1833—to claim his seat. From the day that he was re-admitted he never missed a sitting of the Academy

till he died under the Second Empire when he was nearly ninety, the last survivor of the revolutionary members of the Institute.

This unquenchable love of an exiled Frenchman for a society in which he had tasted the joys of laborious studies, undertaken in common, is an example of that academic tradition inherited from the eighteenth century by the Institute of France, which is found in no other land. In this case it had grown up in the ranks of the youngest of the Academies, which had only indirect connection with the foundations of the old monarchy and which came into being only at the Revolution. That tradition was carried on by a brilliant band of men, born in the eighteenth century, who entered the Academy of Moral and Political Science in the early days of its new establishment in 1832. They included, in the order of their birth, Duc Victor de Broglie, Guizot, Villemain, Victor Cousin, Mignet, Thiers, Ampère. A little younger than they, born in the next century before the Revolutionary War had ended, were Tocqueville, Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire, Wallon, the fortuitous father of the Third Republic, Jules Simon, and Buffet, all of whom, excepting Tocqueville, I have seen at work in the recent years between the centenary of the Institute in 1895 and my own election in 1902.

I wish that since the latter date there were no cause to enumerate other names which have dis-

appeared from the roll of the Academy after handing on to the twentieth century the tradition received direct from the eighteenth. But no year has passed in the interval without some place becoming vacant in the ranks of those who first welcomed me. There was Octave Gréard, the accomplished chief of public education in France, an orator so polished that when at the French Academy he received a Prime Minister of the Republic his eloquence eclipsed that of the practised politician. Him I never knew, though my election was due to his "report." He was soon followed by a large company of my personal friends. Albert Sorel, a warm-hearted Norman, the brilliant historian of diplomacy and the worthy successor of Taine at the French Academy; Émile Gebhart, from whom no secrets of the Latin Middle Ages and Renaissance were hid, one of the gayest products of the soil of Lorraine fertile in wit; Achille Luchaire, the high authority on the early French monarchy, who having spent his diligent life in the camps and palaces of the Capetian kings, had the air of a courtly paladin; Gabriel Monod, "the master of method," and Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, the most picturesque figure in the Academy—both of whom are commemorated in another part of this book. The greatest gap of all in the ranks of the Company was made when it lost its beloved Secretary, Georges Picot, whose

benevolence and philanthropy made one forget his wide erudition. I had known him from my early manhood, in days when I had not so much as heard that there was an Institute of France.

This recital of a few of the names which, since the reconstitution of the Institute by Louis Philippe, have gone from the rolls of the Academy of Moral and Political Science shows that its composition is not less distinguished than that of the French Academy. Indeed, of the nineteen names quoted of members of the younger body since 1832, twelve belonged also to the French Academy. This does not mean that the French Academy recruits its members from among the most eminent of the other classes of the Institute. If a Frenchman has gained distinction in more than one line, he often belongs to two, and sometimes even to three of the Academies. Far from it being the rule to elect a member of the Institute to the French Academy as a supreme promotion, it often happens that an "Immortal" of Richelieu's foundation accepts the honour of a seat in one of the other Academies. The Duc d'Aumale, for example, was elected to the Académie Française in 1871 as a demonstration against the fallen Second Empire which had exiled his family; to the Académie des Beaux Arts in 1880; and to the Académie des Sciences Morales in 1885, after his gift to the Institute of the Château

de Chantilly. It is possible for a man to be a member of the French Academy without pre-eminent talent in any subject. To be a member of either of the other four some technical superiority is essential—except in the case of the "Académiciens libres," whom we have noticed, some of whom have only honorary qualifications. There are always a number of members of the French Academy who possess none of the high qualifications which would gain them admittance into either of the four other Academies.

This is a survival of the old tradition of the days when the French Academy was a salon. The reason why so many of the names on its old lists convey no idea even to those who are most familiar with the intellectual history of France, is that the King had the prerogative of adding to the Company his own nominees. Some of them were patrons of art and letters, some merely courtiers; and the mingling of men of fashion, having cultivated tastes, with some of the finest intellects in the realm produced a corporation possessing qualities of grace and charm which could not survive the ancient monarchy. When the Academy was revived, in its old form, at the Restoration, Louis XVIII made use of his ancestors' prerogative by nominating some Academicians whose perfect insignificance only emphasized the lack of brilliancy of the Court of the restored Bourbons. It was the organisation

of the Académie des Sciences Morales by Louis Philippe which really did away with the system of nomination and of all interference of the government in academic elections. Guizot, who, as we saw, was the minister who carried out the King's pleasure, declared that henceforth no academic nomination should be made by royal ordinance, free election being of the essence of a learned society into which a candidate could enter worthily only by the choice of his peers.

As time went on, under the Second Empire when the Institute was in opposition to the Court, and under the Third Republic when there was no Court at all, this old tradition took the form in the French Academy of the election of a certain number of members who represented primarily social rather than intellectual distinction—though some of the Academicians of high nobiliary rank were men of distinguished talent. At the end of the last century it was said that the French Academy was divided into *ducs*, *pions*, and *cabotins*. The *cabotins* were the playwrights, the novelists, and the poets who kept bright the popular lustre of the Academy; the *pions* were the professors and historians who maintained its prestige on solid foundations; and the *ducs* were the socially brilliant members who perpetuated the tradition of a salon.

The *ducs* did not necessarily bear ducal titles,

though when I first knew the French Academy it possessed, in the twentieth year of the Third Republic, three dukes. Two of them bore authentic titles of the ancient monarchy, the Duc d'Aumale, the most talented of Louis Philippe's sons, and Duc Albert de Broglie. Both of them had good right, beyond that of birth, to election. The Duc d'Aumale was perhaps the most accomplished prince in Europe, and as author of the history of the Condés he was not out of place in the chair of Montalembert. The Duc de Broglie was the son of the duke of that name whom we saw a member of two Academies; so he was the grandson of Mme de Staël and great-grandson of Necker. He was elected in 1862 perhaps as much to annoy the Imperial government as on account of his rising repute as an historian; and under the Third Republic, before it was ruled by Republicans, he twice became Prime Minister. The third of the dukes, the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier, had a duchy which dated only from the middle-class Monarchy of July, which he inherited, by the grace of Louis Philippe, from his great-uncle the Chancellor Pasquier. As Dupanloup's successor he was elected to the Academy where he remained a worthy old figure until 1905, though he was said to have written nothing before his election.

Bishops were counted in the category of

"dukes," and at that time a most respectable successor of Talleyrand in the See of Autun represented the episcopate. This was Mgr. Perraud, who died a Cardinal in 1906. He was a prelate of high intellectual culture, a contemporary and rival at the École Normale of two dissimilar Academicians, Edmond About and Taine. I knew Mgr. Perraud well and also his successor Cardinal Mathieu. There never was such a contrast between two French Fathers of the Church. Perraud was cold and reserved until his shyness was penetrated, which veiled the urbanity of a Frenchman of the days when politeness was the national virtue of France. Mathieu was expansive and jovial, as gay a companion as Gebhart, that other witty Academician from Lorraine. It was the hard fate of Cardinal Mathieu to die of the climate of London whither he had strayed for some pious congress. Neither of those Princes of the Church should be counted as "dukes" in the depreciatory sense, for both had produced excellent literature. Still less can the epithet be attached to Mgr. Duchesne, the nearest affinity to a bishop now to be found in the French Academy: for owing to his fine researches he was elected to the Academy of Inscriptions a quarter of a century ago, and later was appointed a director of the French School of Archæology at the Palazzo Farnese. He moreover has had one of his works put on the Index by the

inspired wisdom of the Vatican, and French dukes under the Third Republic could never merit that sign of heterodoxy. For whatever their negative qualities and whether their titles are authentic or not, they are always faithful sons of the Church. Ferdinand de Lesseps was classed as an academic "duke" not of ducal rank. His literary baggage was of the same dimensions as Duc Pasquier's. But he had made the Suez Canal; and if he failed in making another, that was not known for some years after his election.

Lesseps, until the disaster of Panama, gave lustre to the Academy in its capacity of a body having some pretension to represent all the talents of the nation. That cannot be said of all members of the French Academy, some of whom have not even the accident of high social rank to compensate for their lack of achievement in any line. It would be invidious to name any such nullities in recent times. The leading case in the reminiscences of old Academicians whom I have known is that of Brifaut. He was born of humble parents at Dijon, and for some "Stanzas on the return of Louis XVIII" was made a censor of the press. So in 1826 he was preferred by the Academy to Lamartine, who had already been passed over in favour of Guiraud, a gentle poet who protected the little Savoyard chimney-sweeps in Paris. Jules Sandeau, who succeeded Brifaut, lived until 1883 and used to tell

of the difficulties he had on the day of his reception to find anything to say about his predecessor. Many new Academicians have been similarly at a loss in preparing the eulogy of the last occupant of their chair. I witnessed such a case in connection with the memory of Lamartine. After his death Émile Ollivier, the Prime Minister of the Liberal Empire, was elected in 1870 to succeed him, by an almost unanimous vote which seemed to mark a reconciliation of the Academy with the Imperial government. Three months later came the Franco-German War, the results of which made it inconvenient for his reception to be fixed till 1874. When M. Ollivier, according to usage, submitted his "discours de réception" to a committee of the Academy, Guizot insisted on the omission of certain passages relating to the Second Empire. Ollivier refused to modify them: the committee stood by Guizot, so Lamartine lost his official eulogy. Twenty years later I was at the reception of Hérédia, who succeeded Mazade, a minor historian whose works and career afforded sparse material for a eulogy. Sitting next me was Sarcey, who by his own will was not an Academician, feeling that if he were elected his freedom as a dramatic critic might be fettered when the plays of colleagues were produced. Hérédia mentioned in his speech a monograph by Mazade on Lamartine, and Sarcey pricked up his large ears, the most

attentive ears in Paris. As we listened to the next phrases, which Hérédia let fall with his little stammer, Sarcey whispered: "I thought it would be so: Lamartine is going to have his eulogy at last." So it turned out: the poet of *Les Trophées* paid a glowing tribute to the poet of *Les Méditations*.

It has been a reproach often addressed to the French Academy that in its later days, when free from the pressure of governments, it has gone out of its way to elect obscure members, while neglecting the claims of high masters of the French language. We are all familiar with the legend of the "41^{me} Fauteuil": we know by heart the list of big names missing from the rolls of the Academy, even since Guizot laid down the rule that its choice should be free—Bérenger, Stendhal, Michelet, Balzac, Dumas père, Théophile Gautier. Those six names belong, as we have already noted, to a very fruitful period, when perhaps the Academy could afford a certain coquetry in the selection of its members. At the present day a Balzac, or even a Théophile Gautier, alone would make the French Academy the envy of that diminishing section of civilisation which takes an interest in literary perfection. A reproach which the Academy may perhaps merit is that, while it admits eminent persons such as Lesseps whose achievement has no relation with literature, it is

too chary in electing men who are the chief ornaments of some of the other Academies. Neither the Academy to which I belong nor the Academy of Inscriptions have any reason to complain. But the forty Immortals would shine with reflected lustre, in these days when great names in literature are rare, if they would assign a certain number of their seats to members of the Academies of Science and of Fine Arts. At the present moment, since the death of Henri Poincaré, the French Academy does not contain one man of science, and for many years it has not admitted a single painter, sculptor, or musician. Not that eminence in those lines is officially a bar to election to the French Academy. In the last twenty years, among men of science, Pasteur, Berthelot, and Bertrand have belonged to it, while in 1898, Guillaume, a sculptor, by no means the first of his profession in France, was elected to succeed the Duc d'Aumale. When I went to live in France in 1890 there were four names which stood first in the public imagination as worthy of the highest rewards for eminent talent, in an age already barren of great statesmen and churchmen, while poets and novelists were not attaining the heights of their predecessors. These were Renan, Taine, Gounod, and Meissonier. The two first belonged to the French Academy: the two others had to content themselves with

the Academy of Fine Arts. Both the musician and the painter were men of wide general culture. Gounod, whom I knew personally, was an eloquent speaker, and a writer of delicate charm. M. Claretie, in one of his invaluable chronicles, related that Gounod's friends wished him to be a candidate for Émile Augier's seat at the French Academy and his answer was that if he were elected it would give too much pain to his friend Meissonier—a reply worthy of the beautiful character of the master.

It is certain that the French Academy has not added to its ranks any figure so commanding as that of Gounod since it missed the opportunity of electing him. Nor is it likely that in the mechanical age it will have the chance of admitting any commanding figures in its own domain of literature—though the literary instinct of the French will probably survive that of other nations. Meanwhile the French Academy and indeed the whole Institute of France have two great functions to fulfil. In the first place the Academies have in their hands a vast property to administer for the good of the nation. The Institute of France is a very wealthy corporation. It owns the royal palace and estate of Chantilly with which the Duc d'Aumale endowed it in his lifetime, a fine modern château, with an observatory, in the Pyrenees and other fine properties. It also has at its disposal, either in its

corporate capacity or in its separate Academies, revenues which amount to at least a million of francs, £40,000 a year, and which annually are increased by new legacies and gifts. These sums it distributes in munificent prizes in all the wide series of subjects with which the five Academies deal. This feature of the Institute of France makes it a unique establishment which can never be imitated in this country or in any other. To be the guardian of a tradition which has come down with very little break from the years succeeding the Renaissance, and to be the uncontrolled distributor of vast modern endowments for the encouragement of modern learning and culture in the twentieth century, is a combination which ought to have influence on the destinies of the French nation in this age of transition.

The other function which the French Academy and its sister societies perform is that of setting a public example of disinterested devotion to literature, to research, to art, to philosophy and to science in an age inevitably given up to materialism. In this respect the French Academy does a more conspicuous work than either of the other Academies. We have noted that the public receptions of new Immortals are more attractive to Parisians than any other academic ceremonies. Such a reception is a reunion of the whole Institute. In the hall

beneath the dome of the Palais Mazarin, adorned with the statues of Bossuet and Fénelon who were Academicians, and of Sully and Descartes, who were not, each new member is solemnly received. The benches and the tribunes are packed with a brilliant crowd of recipients of the coveted octagonal cards, and the five Academies are present in their full strength. Only ten Academicians are in uniform. These are the trimestrial Director, the Chancellor, and the Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy, which group of three sits apart on a high platform, the Perpetual Secretaries of the four other Academies sitting below, and also the new Academician with his two sponsors. Without any opening formality the hero of the hour reads, standing at a lectern, his discourse which usually takes the form of a eulogy of his predecessor. It is held to be bad taste for a novice to attack the memory or the works of the departed Immortal, as did Challemel-Lacour, a bitter Republican politician, when he succeeded to Renan's place in 1894. A caustic appreciation of the work of the newcomer is legitimate in the reply of the Director, or his delegate, who reads it seated on his lofty platform.

It is twenty-one years ago since I began to frequent the Palais Mazarin. The first receptions I witnessed were those of M. de Freycinet at the end of 1891 in succession to Émile Augier, and of Pierre Loti in the spring

of 1892 in succession to Octave Feuillet. Of the thirty-eight Immortals who welcomed those new members only four are left. There is M. Émile Ollivier, who was not only never formally received himself, as we have seen, but who never received a new colleague. Charged in 1878 to introduce Henri Martin, the historian who succeeded Thiers, he again refused to make his speech unless he was permitted to refer to the Second Empire to which he has remained loyal during forty-two years of exile from politics. There are also M. Mézières, a patriotic deputy of mutilated Lorraine and a Shakesperian authority who represented France at the tercentenary at Stratford in 1864; M. d'Haussonville, also well known in England in more recent days, the inheritor of Coppet, the annalist of the salon of his ancestress Mme Necker, the faithful friend of the Comte de Paris; and M. Jules Claretie, an author of versatile charm, the accomplished director of the Théâtre Français, and therefore the representative of the two strongholds of tradition in France.

At one or other of these receptions the whole strength of the French Academy was present, and there were some interesting figures on the benches such as will never be seen again. There was old Legouvé, the partner of Scribe, who was born four years before the King of Rome, and who when he was twenty, in the reign of Charles X, at the general

competition of all the Parisian Lycées, won the prize for French composition the same year that his junior Alfred de Musset won the prize for Latin prose. There was the Duc d'Aumale, the last grand seigneur, of France, and the Duc de Broglie, whose office-holding as Prime Minister of the Republic was more brief than that of his new colleague, M. de Freycinet. There was Jules Simon, in uniform as Secretary of the Académie des Sciences Morales, who had known the sister of Robespierre; and Gaston Boissier whose commerce with "the friends of Cicero" had stamped his genial face with a continual smile and who told me himself that he had known a man who had seen Voltaire, likewise the possessor of an ever-smiling mask. He was soon to mount the platform, at academic receptions, to the place of Perpetual Secretary, then occupied by Camille Doucet, who born in the year of Moscow had previously filled the office of Perpetual Candidate, as he was elected only at his twentieth try. Renan, with his air of a prophet and his aspect of a pontiff, ought to have had a throne to sit upon instead of a narrow bench. Near him was Ferdinand de Lesseps whom Renan at his reception had called "the best beloved man in France"—ominous words on the lips of an ironist. Taine sat serenely musing behind his spectacles. The next summer I was to make friends with all his attractive family in their home on the Lake of Annecy, and

not one member of it remains. Sardou had the air more of a priest than of a playwright, while Mgr. Perraud looked the part of an ascetic prelate. Dumas fils with his white woolly hair recalled his grandfather the General, dismissed from Napoleon's army for his colour. Leconte de Lisle, to whom Victor Hugo bequeathed his seat, and Sully Prudhomme, the two Parnassians, were both there. So was Cherbuliez, the most indulgent of my critics, a Swiss by birth who became a Frenchman to be qualified for the Academy. Then there was Pailleron, the witty author of one great play, who told me the story of Renan when M. de Freycinet, being Prime Minister, asked him for his vote: "À moins que M. Carnot ne se présente," the ironical philosopher replied, reminiscent of the days when the Chief of the State dictated the elections of the Academy.

Pasteur, the successor of Littré the great authority on words, sat there representing the power of deeds in the henceforth mightier domain of science. Joseph Bertrand, the mathematician, was in uniform as secretary of the Academy of Science: maimed and scarred, he was an early victim to science in the first railway accident in France, on the Saint Germain line in 1842, from which he rescued the young girl who was afterwards his wife. François Coppée was also in uniform as Chancellor, at one of these receptions: he never wrote anything better

than *Le Passant* under the Second Empire, either in wild Bohemian days or in the piety of his old age. Of another type was Léon Say, the most literary of political economists and the last survivor of the Left Centre. Then there were Victor Duruy, the minister of Education of Napoleon III, the author of the best manual of national history ever written; John Lemoinne, the critic of British policy, who sustained the link which bound the *Journal des Débats* to the Academy; Melchior de Vogüé, the refined austerity of his face betokening the disillusions of an idealist. The joviality of Meilhac's features were in contrast to the gentle melancholy of his collaborator Ludovic Halévy—a dear friend and my nearest neighbour for two summers, when under the trees he used to relate endless stories of Morny, whose secretary he was, and of Offenbach whose most joyous strains he inspired. Halévy was for a time a steady partisan of the perpetual candidature of Zola at the Academy, with Coppée who was afterwards divided from them both by the Dreyfus case. He told me that it was not the coarse naturalism of Zola which prevented his election, but the feeling that, as he had used his great talent to slander France, it was not for the most authoritative body in the land to seal with its sanction his calumnies. Zola rarely missed a reception at the Palais Mazarin, and at that of Loti, where he sat near me, he had to listen

to an attack upon his school from the new Academician.

It is a lamentable thought that all these names I have written, beginning with that of Legouvé, now belong to the past, excepting those of the two novices, M. de Freycinet and Pierre Loti. Yet the list is not exhausted of Academicians whom I have known and who have disappeared. For in twenty years I have seen many others come and go, one chair having had in turn four occupants in that interval. Among these were Gaston Paris, Taine's dearest friend, the finest of French philologists and a very gallant gentleman; Hérédia, whose life-work was one little volume of sonnets, a collection of finely-cut cameos; Brunetière, the most lovable of critics, of whom much has been said in another part of this volume; Émile Gebhart and Cardinal Mathieu, that genial pair of Lorrainers who have also been commemorated: Albert Vandal, the high-bred and learned historian of the early Napoleonic epoch, a model of quiet French courtesy; and Albert Sorel, whose fine work has been mentioned. Him I first met at Taine's old house near the Luxembourg, whither he had come to talk over with Madame Taine the eulogy of her husband which he was to pronounce the next day at the Academy, where he was received by the Duc de Broglie, whose birdlike little voice with which he fluted his discourses did ill justice to their excellent matter.

In speaking of the tercentenary of the French Academy, only twenty-two years hence in the early days of 1935, I mentioned not as a certainty the prospect of the celebration being graced, at that not distant date, by some of those who are now among the Forty. That tone of doubt is unfortunately justified. In the shorter period since my first attendances at receptions in the Palais Mazarin, not counting Émile Augier and Octave Feuillet, whose vacant seats were then filled, fifty members of the French Academy have passed away, half of whom were my friends or acquaintances. There are gaps as numerous in the other Academies, in addition to those already recorded in the one to which I belong. The list includes the names of the musicians Gounod and his old comrade Ambroise Thomas; of the painters Bouguereau, Hébert, and Benjamin-Constant, a most sympathetic friend; Garnier, the architect of the Opera; William Waddington, whom most of us remember at Albert Gate; Alphonse de Rothschild, with his stories of Bismarck at Ferrières; Janssen, the astronomer of Mont Blanc; Duc de la Trémoïlle, whose father was born in the reign of Louis XV; Buffet, the faithful friend of the lost cause of monarchy, Frédéric Passy, Boutmy, Lefèvre-Pontalis—to mention only a dozen others of those whom I knew personally. Each 25th of October, on the anniversary of the 3 Brumaire An IV,

when the Institute was founded, the roll is called of its members and the lives are commemorated of those who have fallen on the field of honour. It is inevitable in a corporation, which the youngest rarely attain until they are approaching their half century, that each passing year should take a goodly number from their labours.

It is sad to conclude these studies on a note of mourning. It is the penalty of a fancy, which has beset me all my life, for cultivating the friendship of men much older than myself. I do not regret it, for its consistent practice since early manhood has endowed me with a store of personal memories of the past such as few men of my age possess. I should recommend no young men of the present time to follow my example. To have known the men who were old in my early days linked one with a past which is as unlike the present, in which we live, as are the days of Shakespeare or of Richelieu. No such interest will attach to the association of the young with men of my time and generation, or of the generation before ours. All that we, who were born within the mechanical age, can tell them that is worth knowing and not within their own ken, is what we learned from our elders—who delivered to us the tradition of

the ages in which perfection in art, literature, oratory, statesmanship, and philosophy were more nearly attained than ever it can be again. Yet because the day of great achievement in those things is over—that is no reason for pessimism. The undiscerning pessimists, who cry aloud that this people or that is in decadence, confuse decadence with transition, and fail to see that the same operation is proceeding in all civilised nations. We may regret the past and wish that our lives had been spent within its uncrowded courts; but that is no reason for bemoaning the new age, even though it is making the world unlovely according to the noble standards handed down from antiquity. There never was such a time in the history of mankind when the whole of its future destiny was, as it is now, in the hands of the younger generation. The coming race, born into a society in which all the conditions of life are changing, will differ from all past generations in having no need to look to the wisdom of its forerunners to guide it in directing the course of the world.

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